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Vacation Days in Europe

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VACATION DAYS

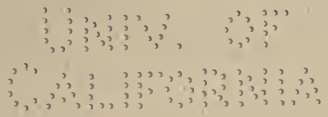
IN

EUROPE

NOTES OF A TRIP ABROAD

BY

EMMA J. FORDYCE



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HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

FOREWORD

The printing of these hastily written letters, through the generosity of The Daily Republican is not because of any idea that the world is hungry for new books.

It is an earnest effort to make the friends of the winner the host of friends of those friends, and all their helpers, realize what heart-felt pleasure they have given by their unselfish kindness. May that effort succeed.

E. J. F

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DIARY OF EUROPEAN TRIP

ENROUTE TO THE SEA

June 22, 1903.

The second Republican Contest is ended and, thanks to the generous hearts and work of our friends and our friends' friends, our trip to Europe is begun.

At the pretty little town of Manchester we are to take our sleeper for Chicago, and toward that place we go, on the Illinois Central, over a country water-soaked and, in many places, water-covered. It is beautifully green, but it looks very strange to see Iowa corn, whole fields of it, not more than four inches high, so late in the year.

Arrived at Manchester, past fields of drowned corn, we wait for our train for Chicago, and as we walk out to see and thank Conductor Marvin for his help to us, we realize what a beautiful little city Manchester is with its wide streets, comfortable houses surrounded by green, its fine trees and lovely roses. Mr. Marvin works, in the dusk, amongst his roses and gives us some most beautiful and fragrant ones as we say "good-bye" and return to our station across a river as smooth as a mirror, and pink, gold and rose with the sunset. A sweet-faced old lady in the station tells us how she cared for the Union wounded all through the dreadful years of '61, '62, '63 and '64 and how, after the battle of Gettysburg she helped doctors amputate the limbs and probe the wounds of men who had lain in the drenching rain and hot sun of three summer days, only to face the operating table without any anaesthetic to deaden their dreadful pain. All the time she talks, a little lad runs about the station crowing happily to himself, all unconscious of the awful suffering through which he entered into his heritage of a great and united country.

The train rushes in out of the black darkness, people settle into their sleeping berths after untold and remarkable gymnastics and the morning sun shines

down upon us in dirty, noisy Chicago. Same old place! Same "good-a-banan" man in great numbers! Same old cabman who charges 50c where he would charge a native 25c, same old rushing crowds, and alert fine looking men, same many-tongued babel.

Three-two p. m. sees us settled in "Car 4" of a train of eleven magnificent sleepers of the Grand Trunk after a fight with the custom's officer who "rumpled" our belongings when we didn't have time to repack them, and acted like a salaried fiend generally, then apologized to us after we had said a few direct words. Illinois corn was drowned too, Indiana's was a little better, Michigan's crops still better and Canada was as green as a garden, the old orchards, the stake and rider fences, the evergreens all bathed in the amber light of a clear sunset. Supper in the diner over, where the little French lady who couldn't speak a word of English and who poured an imaginary something, with a hand glittering with rings, into her cup with the tragic air of a Lady Macbeth and gazed with darkly rolling and imploring eyes at her bewildered waiter who was helped out by a friendly co-worker with "Why, shuah, she wants some hot water in her tea!" we came back to our seat only to greet the stalwart form and smiling face of David Johnson, our old Cedar Rapids friend, who told us lot about the way Italians behave in constructing road beds for railroads. More gymnastics and more grinding of car wheels, the beating of rain on the window panes, the hearing one girl in the next section say, "Yes, but we must get up at six Toronto time which means five by our watches, you goose, because we haven't changed them the hour yet," then semi-unconsciousnes until the gray dawn of a rainy morning brought us to Toronto. A drive past the Queen's hotel, King Edward's hotel, the Sovereign Bank brought us to The Iroquois where the candelabra are decorated with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes and the waitresses polish the steel table knives at a little side serving table near you and put them into a little porcelain kettle, where the street car conductor presents a little iron box with a jug-like handle and you drop your own nickle in its slot. The M. P. who eats dinner at our table tells us that Mr. Gamey, the speaker, is to defend himself from charge of bribery at the 3 p. m. sitting of Parliament and tells us to use his name to gain admission to the session.

The parliament houses are beautiful graystone, ivy covered buildings and fine looking men filled the sessions room, where business was carried on with much dignity and decorum. As we pass a fine ivy-covered church the son of the governor general of Canada enters to be married. This is his "busy day." He is of age, inherits his fortune of $7,000,000 and marries today. He is a fine looking young fellow and his bride is most lovely. Toronto, we find, is wide and clean in streets, with great brick houses, ivy grown, and handsome squares with flowers and carpet-like green sod. Four p. m. sees us off for Montreal on the City of Toronto, a splendid, clean, lake boat which carries, among other things, seven newly married couples in varying stages of idiocy resulting from bliss according to temperament and good-breeding. The finest couple were objects of amused interest even to the best disposition, because of the evident distress of the handsome groom when rice kept falling from all sorts of unexpected parts of his anatomy.

In half an hour Lake Ontario was doing its worst in the way of performing unpleasant up and down and sideways evolutions and all night long it tossed and rain fell. Morning came with its gray-blue mist and the Thousand Islands was dimmed, the far shores obscured and the mighty St. Lawrence seemed like a shoreless ocean. What a magnificent river! What everchanging beauty and grandeur! All day until the rapids were reached, the rain fell. Six o'clock found us with the roar of the Lachine Rapids in our ears and the rocking, dropping boat seemingly falling from under us.

Then we swept under the magnificent two mile long Victoria bridge and the bus driver of The Queen's hotel claimed us for his own. Over the debris of street paving, through deep pools of black mud, into the many ragged holes of the asphalt we drove at a mad gallop until, in a steep side hill, the bus was stopped and the big conductor on the back steps yelled "Fares!" at us in a voice calculated to startle a nation. One of the seven grooms remarked to us "sotto voce," "I didn't expect to take my wife up town through a run-a-way and hold up." Fares paid, the resumed gallop brought us to The Queen's, its tea and its heart-breaking music, its marble stairs and its old

elevator with big wooden doors and the speed of the turtle with the slowest record.

Ten o'clock found the Mr. Pratt party seeing the quaint things of Montreal, the little old house near the water front where Lavalle lived, the market with its little vegetable carts and its chatter of French with its accompanying violent gesticulation, with the head of cabbage, the beet, or the turnip in dispute, held in the tightly-clenched hand, the modern graystone building where stood the gate to the fort through which the British marched and ended French rule for dered by mists, may be seen; the crematory with its Byzantine decorations, the chapel with its lovely stained glass, its exquisite carvings, lovely Mount Royal from which the broad wide-spreading valley of the St. Lawrence, the distant Green Mountains, the whole 100 miles of beautifully green country, blue bordered by mists, may be seen, the crematory with its lovely flowers, the great Catholic nunneries, hospitals, schools showing the wealth of the 250,000 Catholics who belong to Montreal. Ten o'clock and the hustle, rush and flaring lights of the docks told that the Dominion was nearly ready to sail. All night until 4 a. m. the rattle and roar of loading went on. This morning sees us on our way to Quebec on the blue green waters of the St. Lawrence with its green, far distant shores and its majestic sweep. Monday morning sees us "on the deep" and its miseries claim us.

QUEBEC

Quebec, June 27.—Between showers, at 9:30 p. m., through dreadfully muddy streets, we went down to the Dominion dock. Here was the wildest sort of confusion, hansoms, five-wheelers, drays, driving up, winches banging and groaning loading a train load of perishable freight that had arrived at the last moment, others loading hay and baggage. Sleep was out of the question until 3 a. m. when we swung out into the stream and started for Quebec.

Morning showed that the Dominion was about 400 feet long, very wide, twin screw, very white and gold, and clean. Having studied economy of space in the disposing of baggage, and learned the art of hanging 17 things on one hook, we all went to view the majestic St. Lawrence running blue and clear for its 900 or more miles to the sea; with its banks a constant panorama

of hills, (growing larger and larger as the mouth was neared) and little fishing villages with their feet in the water; toward night the river widened until we could see but one shore at a time. At 2:30 Quebec showed its towering rock upon which its citadel is built and, as we passed, the French gentleman at our right showed us the path up which the soldiers climbed to capture it and the spot where Montcalm fell. Most quaint and beautiful did the old city show from the river with its lower town and its towering citadel and Chateau Frontenac. As soon as we landed, we rushed for a carriage and drove straight to the "lower town"—the old French quarter with its narrow streets just wide enough to allow the carriage to pass and one footman to walk beside and its peaked-roof stone or brick houses. Here the French fought the Indians for an empire which their profligate kings threw away. The little two story house in which Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, lived while Governor General of Canada had, stretched from its upper windows, a Union Jack.

Up the steep streets we went to The Basilica, a reproduction, in the interior, of St. Peter's. It was very effective with its wide space, its altar over which hung the great golden eagle with a golden world in its talons, the world fire red from the light of the red window beside it. One irreverent American murmured his greeting to the American eagle as he looked at it.

Here, in this old church, devout hearts have brought their cares since 1630. Here, too, is Van Dyke's "Christ on the Cross" gazing down with tired eyes on the throngs who gaze up to Him. The picture was brought from Europe to escape destruction during the French Revolution. The devout kneel everywhere in the church and say their beads with eyes fixed on the "rubbering" tourist.

Out again and up to the Citadel. Priests and soldiers are everywhere. As we enter the grim walls, a soldier with one of those ridiculous little round hats with a strap across the chin and the most vigorous of English accents, takes charge of us. He shows us the military prison with its little slits of windows 18 inches long and 4 inches wide through the thick stone walls; the bare barracks, the Grand Battery; and, as we turn from viewing it, the whole magnificent panorama of the 350 feet elevation bursts upon us. The

St. Lawrence is a wide blue ribbon laid down the middle of a green valley, with misty blue hills on its edges and, just below us, lie the little old French houses of the lower town.

We go down and see the monument erected to Montcalm and Wolfe, stroll up Dufferin Terrace with its splendid view of the St. Lawrence, then go out to the old Franciscan Monastery where, in the ancient garden, two brown dressed, bare footed monks hoe away steadily, not stopping to view the lovely valley of the St. Charles which lies so inviting and fair below. The Plains of Abraham must be walked on so the foot may touch "real history." Now comes the rain again and we race for the dock in a dust storm that flutters the gowns of the fat priests who hold fast their shovel hats. Storm over, we go up to the Chateau Frontenac for table d'hote dinner. A beautiful place it is, magnificent, artistic, with its soft velvet carpets, its flowers, its noiseless attendants, its orchestras.

Dinner over, we stroll through the beautiful rooms, look out the windows at the splendid views down the river, then go shopping, with pleasant results. Morning finds us still going down the St. Lawrence which grows wider and wider, twenty miles, twenty-five miles, thirty miles, fifty miles at the mouth; our pilot leaves us with cheers from the passengers, and we have now no link to connect us with the land.

Now begin rain, fog, mist, that awful ground swell of the sea which heaps up like molten steel to the horizon's rim which seems so definite that one feels that a foot over it is "off the earth." Here our troubles begin and sea sickness lays its awful grip upon us for ten days. One day we stand up dizzily to look at an iceberg which floats, all glistening and white, in a blue, blue sea; another, to look at a whale; another to see a porpoise. One evening, the end of the only beautiful day we have, we sit in the swaying chair and hold up our head with one hand, while we listen to the speeches of an Englishman, a Canadian, an American, Mr. W. A. Pratt, on Fourth of July. The captain kindly carried the American flag on the main mast all day and fired a salute in the morning and some fire works in the evening. Two nights the fog was so thick The Dominion "lay to" until morning and one night she backed out of the ice. Being only about 400 feet long, the vessel "bounced" badly in a sea and as we had head winds during the entire voy-

age, we had plenty of "dead swell" and "bounce." Fog, rain and mist added their mite to make every passenger hail the shores of "old Ireland" with joy Monday morning. Most beautiful they were through the gray mist. The day cleared, the blue Irish Sea lay like a mirror, every one "chirked up" and was gay. All day long sea and shore showed their beauty and at night, a full moon added its silver to the water. Groups sat and sang everywhere. Even Mr. Grier's anecdote of the sea-sick man by the ship rail who saw a bandana dropped by a passenger near, fall, and exclaimed, "There goes my liver," excited only smiles instead of shudders.

Four o'clock the next morning saw Liverpool near and everybody crowded out on deck to see River Dee join the Mercey and look at the sands where "Mary went to call the cattle home and never home came she." Slowly we swung into the mouth of the river. New Brighton, a perfect picture of "Spotless Town", only the roofs are red and grass green, is greeted with a cheer.

Breakfast over, we swing alongside the largest floating dock in the world and fall into the clutches of the Custom House officers who are very pleasant and obliging. Through the rain we make for the Midland Station, and, as we alight put foot on "Old England." The land for us! We know now why "There is no more sea."

ANTWERP

Antwerp, July 14.—Our voyage of 4,300 miles by water is ended, our watches have been set ahead from 20 to 30 minutes each day, a proceeding rather disconcerting when the rising hour is 7 a. m. until we are now 5 hours fast. At noon as it is now here, Cedar Rapids is just blowing its 7 a. m. whistles.

We go direct to London but as we are not through there and must go back later, it may all be left to one telling.

The entire Pratt party with enough red labels on the baggage to sink a ship, is put into large busses and threads its way through the crowded narrow streets to the station and a wild run of an hour, sometimes at the rate of 70 miles per hour takes us to Harwich. The train is made up of cars not so large as a street car, divided into sections that do not communicate and

have side doors, and containing two seats facing each other, two racks, and that is all. Our car, being a tourist, has seats all around the sides, a table with long "leaves" dropped down, running through the middle. The engine looks only half grown up and has only a little hood over the machinery and no protection at all for engineer and fireman. The "guard" collects your tickets before you start, the door is slammed and no more officials or trainmen of any kind do you see until you reach your journey's end. The "guard" doesn't go with the train but meets it at the station. No water to drink, no fruit or peanuts for anyone to buy. The car sways and bumps, swings and everybody does likewise until one can't tell whether the blue-printed label "Engaged", pasted up by the guard before we started, belongs to the oldest married member of the party over which it was pasted originally, or to her next door neighbor, the pretty girl from St. Louis.

A rush through the darkness at Harwich for the little steamer, a packing like sardines into small staterooms, a night full of impressions that the berth is sinking into great depths and the morning sun shows the smooth, silvery waters of the Scheldt with the old Dutch windmills (for this part of Belgium looks very Dutch) its low green banks with their yellow stripes of fields of ripening wheat.

The river narrows presently and shipping of all kinds crowds into view. The usual Custom Officer comes on and says, "Open" in a stern voice and the next step in showing one's white collar to all Europe, because he travels, is over. What a quaint city! Roofs with the corners cut off, red-tiled, show everywhere. Everything brick or stone. Streets cobble-stoned. Here comes a milk cart drawn by or rather pushed by the brown dog under it who barks madly because he doesn't want to work. Madam, the owner, stalks in rear with bare head and with wooden shoes clattering. There is a group of market women, bare headed, wooden-shoed, with purchases in the apron whose gathered end is held in the clenched hand. Three women push a big cart heavily laden with clams. Here is the public square with its beautiful bronze statue of Rubens, its fragrant flower stalls with lillies, carnations, roses tended by bare headed, gossiping women, and on the other side one front of the beautiful cathdral. The hotel reached and party orders received, a rush is made for the lace-shop across the square. Such

airy loveliness as the laces showed as the experienced girls showed "Madam!" her wares, until "Madam" spent of her patrimony for buying, almost to the last sou. Life woven into beauty is what she carried away. The crooked, narrow little side streets attract us with their narrow stone side walks, 2 feet and 3 feet, built up against the stone walls and, once in a while, an iron pump right in the middle of it around which swarm the little wooden-shoed children, playing the tricks of children the world over. Here is the store of Josephine Van Winkle. It is about 10x12 feet and contains the Van Winkle stock of underwear and hosiery, wrapped in brown paper, on its shelves. Past the window goes the fish seller with his fish buckets swinging from the ends of a harness over his shoulders. Here come two old ladies in black dress-up bonnets and white aprons from a "tabak" store. A fanfare of trumpets! The narrow street is full of marching soldiers in blue and red and the person of peace flattens himself against the wall of the building to let them tramp past. Three or four hundred little children heads bare, wooden shoes clattering, pour out of a schoolhouse across the 8 foot wide street from which is a wholesale house which has in front of it one of those enormously long, low drays with little, low front wheels and back wheels broad tired and twice as high. The big brothers, grandmothers, uncles and aunts claim the children and go clattering away with them. One o'clock and time for lunch. Tea 20 cents a cup! That's because we don't and won't drink wine. That wine must be paid for somehow. "No salt in anything?" Of course not. Who expects salt in food except Americans?

Now to the Cathedral. Here is the great arched entrance door with its carved figures of apostles on the arch. A pompous old man swings open the door and the white coolness of the great building is ours. Seven rows of magnificent fluted marble columns, 18 feet around, mark nave and aisles. Above the high altar glow the beautifully light soft colors of Rubens' "Assumption" with its exquisite floating figures. From the transepts look down "The Ascent of the Cross" and the "Descent from the Cross." Both are lovely but so very different, showing the effect of Rubens' art training.

Near the side door is "The Marriage of Cana in Galilee." It is beautiful and remarkable in that its

colors have not faded at all nor been retouched though it was done 337 years ago.

Near the first pillar on the right hangs Da Vinci's exquisite "Head of Christ" with its sorrowful eyes following you wherever you go. It is on marble and shows no trace of brush mark. The lecturer talks on, the crowd of tourists peers about but the majesty of the great church and the beauty of that sad face claim one and he hears and sees nothing else until with a start, he realizes that it is time to leave beautiful quaint Antwerp for gay Brussels.

BRUSSELS

Brussels, July 17.—Antwerp is a contrast of ancient and modern; old, old buildings in which the quaintly dressed old lady made ice cream in an American freezer, where the little boy in wooden shoes chased the American electric car.

Brussels is modern, airy, clean, gay, beautiful. The ride from Antwerp to Brussels was a joy. Beautiful little stripes of grain fields filled with the glorious yellow and red poppies, fragrant rose gardens, row after row of the high trimmed trees one sees in pictures of Holland; parks with beautiful trees many of them the red leaved copper beech; women working in the fields; dogs drawing the cart or wheelbarrow laden with vegetables. All the hard work of the farm done by hand, the women being the burden bearers, seem to be the law in Belgium. The cherries, gooseberries and strawberries are immense and as delicious as they are large. The potatoes are correspondingly tiny. The grain fields are about as large as two city lots which makes the country look like a growing and many colored checker board. The cars are larger on the continent, still divided into compartments with side doors, but with a narrow little corridor down one side. It is still impossible to get from one car to another except from the station platform. The guard still locks us in and leaves us to the mercies of the engineer.

We go to our hotel, De la Empereur, by a Brussels omnibus which is a large street car on very broad tired wheels set well under the car so the ends bob gaily. The conductor toots on a horn, the driver makes a series of strange and wonderful noises and away plunge the horses, at great speed, across the

big cobble stones. We find our hotel to be a quaint old house built around a court in which is an old garden with statuary and fountain. Our rooms look out upon the garden through long windows which swing open like two doors. We regularly lost our way at each meal trying to find the dining room which was away across the garden. If all the Belgians cook as well as the De la Empereur cooks, lucky is Belgium. Table d'hote dinner of seven courses over, everybody goes out to see the sights. Brussels is said to be a small Paris and is certainly very beautiful and gay. The streets were brilliantly lighted, little tables were out on the broad walks where people ate and laughed; orchestras played for the diners in restaurant and hotel; people in fine dress filled the streets, laces were everywhere in the store windows and such beautiful ones!

The next morning saw us in the magnificent "Palais de Justice," the largest building in the world. It is of white marble mainly, covers six acres, and has a tower over 400 feet high. Its cost was $10,000,000 and its architect went insane four years before it was completed, so great was his task. The halls have great panels of Italian marble which are marked as though a tree trunk were drawn in the middle of each. The Supreme Court room is in black and gray marble with all the ceiling covered with solid brass decorations. The criminal court is in black and green marble.

The brisk old lady in charge showed us out upon a balcony and all Brussels lay below us with its red tiled roofs and its blue dim hills shutting it in. Of Belgian's 6,000,000 of people 60,000 live in Brussels and the rest want to, the old lady told us.

A short walk across a fine square brings us to the Art Gallery. Here is canvas after canvas of Rubens glowing with his bright coloring, amongst them his "Paracelsus" and "The Adoration of the Magi." Moas, Franz Hals, Jan Sheen, Ruysdaal, Cupy, Teuters, Van Dyke have lovely work here. It was wonderful. Out again into the hot white light and into the greenness of the palace gardens which face the King's palace and past the finest hotel in Europe to the great fountain and so back to the hotel we go.

The omnibus, the train, the carryall and a climb up 226 steps bring us to the mound in the middle of the battlefield of Waterloo, built by the Belgium wo-

men who carried the earth in baskets on the head and received six cents a day for the hard work. The mound is 150 feet high and commands the entire battle field. On its top stands the lion cast from captured French cannon and paid for by the allied powers. What a lovely view opened before us as we finally reached the top! In all directions the little fields of grain ripening under July sun, lay sleeping, with the blue horizon far, far away. Almost at our feet are the three little red tiled white walled cottages which mark the middte of the English position and not more than 1700 yards away the old farm buildings which mark the middle of the French lines. The same walls are standing as on that day in 1815 when the power of Napoleon was shattered.

A pompous old English sergeant arranges us on the steps at the base of the lion pedestal and tells us the story of that bloody day, when of 90,000 French 37,000 were killed and of 67,000 allies 26,000 lay dead under the stars of its night. Around to the right is Hougemont where 15,000 were killed in the fierce fighting in its court yard. So much blood to win the peace that broods now over these fields in the twilight. Down the steps we go to be entreated by a witty Brussels woman who says, "There is no fly on the Americans," to buy wooden shoes and views of the field.

Next morning finds us again in the beautiful country, hilly now, with fine castle-like buildings crowning the heights, on our way to Cologne. At Herbestahl we reach the Belgium frontier and the customs officers drag us and all our baggage from the train and take a look at our white collars as all Europe seems to do to its tourists. On again through fields in which the women toil in red or blue waists making pretty bits of color in the landscape, and tall, high trimmed trees still surround the fields. At Aix-la-Chapelle, made famous by Charlemagne, we change our watches from 3:10 p. m. Belgium to 4:17 p. m. German time. Arrived at Cologne, in a thunder storm, and deposited at the Continental hotel, we make a rush for the cathedral. It is only across the square and lifts its beautiful twin towers into the sunset sky with a beauty upon it all that makes one catch his breath. "Lace work in stone" describes it. As we step inside and the dazzling, deep, glowing colors of the sixteenth century north windows, and the magnificent double columns are in view, we know what a cathedral can say to its

worshippers. The pure, simple, Gothic architecture gives great dignity and grandeur, and the beautiful windows give a wealth of coloring that fills eye and soul.

We sleep sitting, in a bed decorated by a fine feather-bed on the outside, covered with fine lace, and underneath, by a most massive and complicated wooden boot-jack. Morning sees us "prowling." We visit the old market with its chattering women and its splendid bronze statue of Emperor William. I find the way down little crooked, narrow streets with overhanging second stories to the buildings, see the church of St. Ursula with its bones of 11,000 murdered virgins in its crypt, then start, again in the rain, for our trip down the Rhine. Our dreams of years are about to be realized through the kindness of our many far-away friends and we think of them gratefully.

THE RHINE

The Rhine, July 21.—Morning dawns with gray skies and falling rain. We rush aboard the Rhine steamer, seize one of those leather folding stools with no back, plant it in as dry a place as can be found and prepare to see all the realizations of our dreams of years that the weather will allow. The bridge of boats swings open to let us through and Cologne looks like a panorama before us. The country is beautifully green. Women do family washing in a pail of Rhine water and spread the garments along the bank to dry with the hopefulness of humanity that the impossible can be realized, for it rains constantly. All sorts of river craft pass us flying the black, red and blue flag. Little red roofed villages dot the green of the fields. The river is not beautifully blue as it would be under a blue sky but is blue white. All forenoon the rain falls and the crowded boat carries a great load of disappointment as well as its 246 American tourists; a Cook party of 52, a Hill party of 35, the Pratt party of 40 and just enough German, English, and Belgians to keep the Americans sure they are in a foreign country.

In the afternoon the river narrows, the banks grow higher, then they turn into great hills, castle-crowned, and the beauty of the Rhine dawns for us.

Coblenz is reached where the Moselle river rushes into the Rhine and the best wine of the Rhine country is made.

Now the great rocky slopes and steeps are vine clad, with strips of stone fences to keep the vines from slipping into the Rhine, apparently. Crest after crest crowds down to the river's edge and towers into the sky so, from the boat, the tops cannot be seen. Great tilted, twisted, standing-on-end layers of rock show themselves and back of us blue-black almost, in the rain and in front of us high and misty they still show. Castles of all kinds crown them. History has been made in them and on the vine clad slopes about them.

Here is a little octagonal tower, with a stone chair, close to the river's edge. In it the Kings of the Rhine country were crowned before Germany was a nation.

Here is a magnificent monument of bronze,on a little island in the river, to Emperor William I, at Rhinefels.

Then "The Lurlei" swing into view around a curve, great, needle shaped jagged peaks at whose base the wicked Rhine-nymphs lured the traveler to his death. A rush to the other side of the boat! The Emperor's castle is in sight perched high on its tree-covered steep. It looks too modern. There is an old, old castle on a bare rock. It dates back to the 12th century and is still used as a prison. Grim and inaccessible enough it looks with its little slits of windows in its great stone walls and its thick stone outer walls enclosing it.

There is an "oh" of delight and Prince Henry's Castle, the Prince Henry who came to America to see us and whom we all love, shows. It is right at the pinnacle of a very high, very jagged tree-clad rock. It doesn't seem possible to get up to it or down from it but it overlooks the Rhine for miles and miles and opposite it are the most lovely slopes of all the Rhine steeps. Several Americans express a very strong desire to own it, especially the smallest and thinnest woman of the Pratt party.

Now some one says, Here is Bingen, "Fair Bingen on the Rhine." And fair it certainly is. Just below it is the famous "Mouse Tower" where the wicked baron, who let people starve because they couldn't pay his price for his stored corn, lived. It rises from the water, apparently, a not very high round tower and looks a good place to starve a stingy baron in and let the rats devour him as the legend says was done. Too bad America hasn't it for its coal barons. Later on, the splendid monument to Germania made of captured French cannon and crowning the very

highest point of the Rhine hills shows in the twilight. No wonder the Germans love the Rhine, with such stimulus to their national pride. The sun goes down, red as fire, into a bed of orange clouds and darkness settles down. An odor of jasmine comes sweet and strong from the shore, the linden lends its odor; green and red lights flash from the top of a tower and make long trembling lines of color across the water, lights twinkle and reflect all along shore; a transport full of German soldiers who sing their national hymn as the band plays it gives us a hearty cheer and we return it. Here is Mayence. The journey down the Rhine is done.

MAYENCE

Mayence—We land from our Rhine steamer in the usual bustle of baggage shot down an inclined plane and caught by active porters who strap four or five valises together and walk off with them over their shoulders with two more in each hand in an easy and leisurely manner. Up a long street, glistening with rain, and lined with the blossoming lindens, heavy with fragrance we go to our hotel. Just opposite it is a hall hung with the national colors in which an immense audience listens to a great orchestra. From the hotel windows was a lovely view of the Rhine filled with the reflections of myriad lights. Four o'clock in the morning brought the tramp of marching feet and a thousand of Germany's young men, forced to give up four of the best years of their lives to military gymnastics, march past. Fine looking, strong, alert they seemed.

The sun comes up out of the Rhine, through clouds of rose red mist, as red as it went into it the night before, and it is time to get ready for sight seeing.

Next to the hotel stands a section of the old Roman wall built by Claudius. What history it has seen!

We make a rush for the old 14th century cathedral, going across the market where flowers of all kinds make a blaze of color and old women sell vegetables of many kinds and small quantities, with great energy. Here is the cathedral; very high pews, the high altar in the front instead of the rear, dim old 16th century pictures of the events of the greatest Life in the world; effigies of gilded saints lying with hands together in prayer marking the tombs of crusaders, the statue of The Virgin prayed to by honest beggars.

Time is up. A scurry down a narrow side street not wide enough for a wagon to drive through, a dodging of two two-dog carts, and the omnibus takes us to our station. On our way, we see recruits practicing the famous German "goose-step," on their drill grounds, which the Presbyterian ladies of the party insisted they could do perfectly if only given a chance. In Mayence as in every other continental city, were little parks filled with flowers at every available space, and every house, almost, had its window boxes full of bloom. Every station has its flowers and every inch of ground is occupied. A rush through a long tunnel, a glimpse of more soldiers, some of them throwing kisses to the younger faces in the train, and we are off for Heidelberg. Women toil in the fields again, cutting the grain with a heavy cradle while men follow binding it into bundles. Here comes a big two-wheeled cart, into a station marked Helvetia, with a cow hitched to one side of the tongue. She seems to find no trouble in doing her work with this one-sided arrangement and "chews gum" placidly as she goes. Women carry great loads in baskets and bales on the head as they walk through the ripening grain fields. Pumpkins and potatoes are in bloom; hops climb their tall poles; oats and wheat in little narrow strips about two blocks long make grain fields. A fine rain falls but the people in the fields work away bare headed. Suddenly on the close horizon the German mountains swing into view blue black, with their castles perched on top. They look like the Berkshire Hills except for the castles and the fact that the grain fields creep too near to their tops sometimes. The forest clad ones are most numerous and beautiful. Great care Germany takes of its trees. Wherever one may be in a field, there it is, trimmed and cared for.

Here comes an ox team so hitched that they pull the load with the head. The farmers of the party make disgusted comment. Alternate plain and mountain brings us to Heidelberg where we rush in to luncheon to lose no time getting up to the castle. During luncheon, many plans are made for carrying away the porcelain stove that towers to the ceiling in one corner of the room. It is very ornate, and has a fire pot that would hold about two quarts of nut coal. An American who lives in Germany said it took all day to get the stove warm so there wasn't any chance

for people. Here come the carriages for the ride. The eight open landaus file up to the steps and the party fills them. As we go on, the uninitiated give us sorrowful looks thinking us a funeral, minus the "corpse" and the knowing small boy shrieks in German, "It is another! See them!" Under the tree, along the side walls the students eat and drink, some in the red caps, some in the green of the different duelling corps. Up the steep street one climbs until, at a turn, the whole of Heidelberg lies in panorama before us, until its red-tiled roofs, its steep streets, the blue river dividing it and the bluer mountains pile into the sky about it.

Here is the old castle! What a magnificent place it must have been in 1460 at its prime! Look at that splendid view down the valley and over to the surrounding mountains before we see the tree in the Princess Elizabeth's garden that has been growing ever since 1650. What sights and sounds has that old tree known! There is the old dungeon tower with its 6 feet thick walls and its 60 feet deep and 80 feet wide moat. The moat is all filled with magnificent old trees now and, let us hope, the prisoners have all forgotten their sorrows. Here is the old draw bridge with the 400-year-old portcullis that has shut the door of hope for many a brave man. Over here is an ivy-tree 150 years old, gnarled and twisted. Up there high in the old wall is the old sun dial the shadow of whose finger points out the hours encircled below. Here is the great court yard and in this doorway we have a view of the immense banqueting hall. Down into the crypt we go to see the famous old wine cask which furnished wine for the banquets. It holds 49,000 gallons, and has a pump just outside the banqueting hall with a handle two yards long. A burst of gay singing in men's voices. Across the hall from the old wine cask is a room of 200 men drinking beer, smoking until the air is blue, singing loudly and gaily, led by a band. It is the celebration of the birthday of a teacher in Heidelberg university by his old students. As we look in, the old Herr Professor rises, his students all rise from the long tables too, and beer mugs are held high in air, a rousing cheer goes up and the contents of the glasses go down. The old architect-teacher beams approval. Not so the most rampant prohibitionist man of our party. His groan of disgust marks the difference in the temperance attitude of the teach-

ers of the two nations. Through the rooms of this great place, restored by Frederick, one need not go but take a look from the magnificent 60-foot wide terrace instead. What a view! What a view! How we wish all the people who helped to send us away could see it! Rain! A rush for the carriages, a swift ride to the hotel, a scramble for the stores and the station and we are en route for Berne.

Soon the Swiss mountains crowd dim and far away on the horizon, the frontier is crossed at Basel and until midnight our train rushes our tired party into Switzerland. At one o'clock we sleep hoping that the rain will stop for our one day in Berne. Talk about vacations! Isn't from 5 a. m. until 1 at night a good day's work?

BERNE

Berne, Switzerland.—The steady tramp of rain overhead, our room is next the roof, wakens us Sunday morning. A peep from the little, swinging, latticed window shows only the outline of the golden dome of the New Parliament buildings, so thick is the rain-veil. Not even the white and gold splendors of our hotel, the Bernerhof, one of the finest in Europe; nor the pleasure of riding in a "lift" that held but three persons and took five minutes from the fifth to the first floor, consoled the party of forty. The view from the dining room window showed, in the intervals between heavy showers, the dark green, rushing waters of The Aare in the middle of a valley from which rose on each side, the green foot-hills of the Alps. Back of these, blue-black showed the lower peaks and, far beyond, curtained by the mist, we knew were the Bernese Alps. Great wreaths of vapor swept over this vivid green and blue, snow white cloud-drifts buried them, lifted and trailed into great bars of white across them. Dazzling whiteness it was, when the sun gleamed ever so little upon it. After luncheon, the rain having stopped for a few minutes, Miss Moore's invitation to drive about Berne was accepted. Such a quaint place we found it, as it nestled in its dazzling green valley surrounded by its equally blue mountains. The houses stuccoed on the outside, second story overhanging the street, stood with the gable ends facing it; little window-boxes full of bloom at

each upper window made even the grayness seem gay. Over a magnificent bridge which gave a splendid view of the deep-green Aare and the old buildings of lower Berne, we went to the bear-pit. Since Berne means bear it would never do to miss that. Six great, fat, good-natured bruins sat up and begged for peanuts while four little ones surveyed them, sleepily, from the branches of the very tall tree into which they had climbed. A great crowd watched them. Back along the old arcaded streets we came. These arcades are very wide and built out over the street so shopping might be done despite the rain. It made the quaintest possible looking street. One of the arcades dated back to 1489, three years before Columbus discovered America. All sorts of goods were for sale in them but they were closed for the Sabbath.

The old cathedral, dating 1421, has a beautiful spire and one of the finest organs in Europe. The Catholics built it, but it was taken from them and given to the Protestants. A short drive brings us to the old fifteenth century clock tower. Many carriages are drawn up near it and a crowd of sighteers waits the clock's striking. The hour of three is near. A rooster pops forward and gives a crow, the sleeping old man under the clock-face wakes and yawns; the bear dances; the man above the clock strikes the big bell with a mallet. For four hundred years has the clock been running and the cock been crowing. Everybody laughs as the last feeble, melancholy crow of the cock sounds, and goes away to his sightseeing.

Here is a typical restaurant. A great room with a frescoed ceiling, carved rafters, and hurrying waiter girls is filled with men and women who sit at small tables drinking beer, the men smoking until the air is blue. A band plays somewhere in its fog. Gaily uniformed soldiers chat and laugh. Nobody is drunk because he has probably taken two hours to drink a single stein. Here is the statue of the man that "eats bad children up" with its base encircled by giddy little bears dancing on hind legs, with paw clasping paw.

Over the great Kornhaus bridge with its massive pillars, and its beautiful bronze ceiling, to the top of the height overlooking the city on that side, where, again, is the lovely panorama of red-tiled roofs, the green river between one-half and the other, and the green blue hills melting into the mist wreathed mountains, we go; then across another great bridge high above

the great trees towering on the banks of the Aare up to the hills on which Berne university stands. Fine modern buildings they are crowning heights that give a wonderful view of river and mountains. The rain has been pouring an hour and is even getting into our closed carriage so we make a rush for home. The usual seven-course dinner with three meat courses, one of them chicken, over, we go out on the terrace to see whether the late twilight has brought the distant mountains to us.

A rift in the clouds; the after glow shows on the eastern horizon, and the mountains have come to us! A cry of sheer ecstacy breaks from each one. "Ach! Himmel!" says the German lady. The green, green foothills sweep up to the blue lower peaks; and, crowding back of these, blue-black to the snow line, dazzling whiteness tipped with rose, above it, into the amber evening sky, tower those grand peaks, Pilatus, Rigo and the whole family of the Bernese Alps closing the far-reaching distance. The heart swells and the eyes dim. Henceforth this is a more beautiful and sacred world. "Ach! Louie!" says an excited American from the chair upon which she stands, and the tension of feeling breaks into a gay laugh. We go back to our evening service and sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "Rock of Ages" with glad hearts; and an eloquent and beautiful talk by Rev. Bryant, father of Prof. Bryant of Coe, on "Service" closes our first Sabbath in Switzerland.

The next morning is gray, our distinguished mountain visitors have gone and mist wraps the lower peaks. We go shopping in the queer old arcaded shops until the more reckless are thankful for return tickets already in hand. Such "dear little one room places," says one of the girls. Small peaches, smaller apples, a few bunches of grapes (six or seven sold as a basket) enormous gooseberries as large as the peaches, were the stock-in-trade of the fruit merchants.

A glance at our watches, a hurried rush for the train and we are off for Interlaken where the near glories of the mountains wait us.

What lovely green country! The mountains now on the horizon, now gone, play a gigantic game of hide and seek with us. Miss Moore complains that she "can't see the houses for the roofs" so low are they and so near do they touch the ground at the house-sides. It is unlike Germany in one respect, we again

see houses of wood. German towns are all brick and stone. Miss Wyant proposes her favorite conundrum "Why were the party on the Dominion like Noah's Ark?" The once-sea-sick members of the crowd glare at her but can't guess. "Because both were pitched within and without." A groan follows this scintillation.

Here we are at Thun. Change for the lake boat. As we cross the gang plank of one little steamer big drops of rain begin to fall. A rush to one side of the boat! Here on a little island, so small that the house covers the whole of it, is the "House of the Poet Heinrick von Kliest from 1802-1803." It is a fit place for a poet, with the mountains about it and the water the most exquisite deep blue-green that must be seen to be appreciated. The deep, under green of Niagara is most like it and yet not so beautiful.

What a sight the mountains are! Was there ever anything lovelier than that deep, deep blue with its dazzling white cloud-mist? Away on one of the blue steeps is Castle Thun with the lake touching the sheer steep wall-like base. Here comes the rain again. It simply pours and beats the lovely lake into dimples everywhere turning it from green to blue, as it did most of us. From perches on tables, with umbrella overhead, the dauntless American tourist sees what he can of this most beautiful lake in Europe. Long, narrow,mountain bounded, with peaks crowding down into it from every direction, it is lovely in the rain. What must it be in the sunshine!

An abrupt turn of the steamer and Interlaken comes into view. It has been raining for several days here and the quaint, little town is full of tourists waiting for fine weather. We see them everywhere as we go to our hotel, which looks out on the Jungfrau when she wishes to be seen. The lower peaks are within hand-touch apparently and are as soft as plush (in their green tree covering) to the top. None of the higher peaks show. Everybody eats dinner hurriedly and rushes off down the little narrow street, to the shops, which are full of lovely wood and ivory carvings, views, pictures and souvenirs. It is like a circus-day. The streets are crowded. Certainly, when "Young England" goes on a vacation, he doesn't try to look pretty. Here is a party of muddy, wet, mountain climbers. They have long alpenstocks, heavy shoes, awful hats, and linen clothes. The boys of 15

have linen trousers to the knees, then no covering for the leg until the short stocking coming to the shoe top is reached. The small girl has no covering from knee to shoe top. She doesn't seem to care, though, and looks ruddy and strong as any one need. The American tourists are very trim-looking except the dreadful Panama hat bent into any shape except a pretty one.

Herds of mountain goats, six or seven together, are being driven up the street, stopped at the right customer's house and milked. Some of them draw carts, going along in a very spirited and gay manner. Dog teams draw big carts with big loads. Everything is gray and it is so cold it is very uncomfortable. Suddenly there comes a burst of sunshine. Over to the right shows a snow-capped mountain. Everybody cheers up, but at 6 o'clock it is again raining. The finest German orchestra is playing at The Kurhaus, so after 7:30 dinner, we go to hear it. They are playing the "Overture to William Tell" as we enter and playing it splendidly, too. A great room, brilliantly lighted, filled with little tables and the tabes surrounded by people drinking coffee, chocolate, tea, beer or wine, and the men smoking, is what meets our gaze. Just then the orchestra stops. A card bearing the word "Pause" is put up and we find we must wait 15 minutes for our next number. It comes finally, a quartet of cornetists, who play German folk songs beautifully, getting a lovely singing quality from their rather intractable instruments. An enthusiastic encore is given each number of the suite of four. Then "Pause" again. What a medley of nationalities! English, American, Canadian, German, French, Austrian, a Tyrolese in a hat with a feather in the side, Italian, Danish, Swede. It is so cold we shiver in our fur capes but the English ladies, in thin dresses with open work yokes, stalk about looking warm and serene.

Now comes a Schubert number. And how it is played! with such feeling, shading, precision, understanding! Surely the German is nothing if not musical.

It is cold and late. We hurry home to sleep under three blankets and a feather bed and wish we had a fire beside.

The next morning it rains. Our room mate says something about breakfast but we remark, in a tone compounded of Polar bear and grizzly, that we "don't want any Continental breakfast and won't get up until the sun shines." Five minutes later a loud rap on the

door and an energetic voice, "Hurry up, Miss Gurley! The Jungfrau is out!" Whereupon after a few wise remarks about recognizing the rulings of Providence, she goes away leaving us "gnashing;" for we know Jungfrau won't stay "out" long enough for us to get ready. Taking this as a warning, we get ready and wander disconsolately about in the shops that sell carvings. One of our numerous party meets us and tells us that we are to be ready to start for the upper glacier in twenty minutes. Words cannot measure our astonishment. It is pouring. The mountains are mist wrapped from base to summit. What course of reasoning leads "Herr" Pratt as we call our conductor, to think we shall ever be able to see the mountain, let alone today? We get ready in all the warm clothes we have, furs and all, and behold in twenty minutes the sun is shining. Herr Pratt grows two inches taller. We get into our carriages and bliss fills our hearts. No such greenness have we seen anywhere else. Our road leads us past the cottages with overhanging roofs with the shingles held on by stones and the winter's wood piled against the side of the house in the protection of the roof. Great heaps of white clouds show against the green of the pines and grass. The river roars and tears itself into watery lace against the boulders. Flowers of all colors fill the grass. We all stand in the carriage, with a cry of delight, as an Alpine stream comes in sight. It has leaped from the top of the cliff straight into the air and 300 feet down it comes, lace-work in water, between the green pines, to the foot of the mountain. No words can describe the song it sang, nor tell of its dazzling whiteness. Up and up we go. Blue mountains behind and in front of us, green ones beside us. Waterfall after waterfall like the one described, and the song of the river, far below us, is always in our ears. Gray, green, red cliffs tower above us and still the beauty grows. A rapturous sense of the beauty of this world possesses each and no one speaks. Finally, the hotel at the head of the Grindlewald is reached and, after lunch the party starts in groups for the upper glacier. Mr. Elethorpe kindly takes charge of the writer and she rides rapturously, on the high front seat of the carriage. We have already caught a glimpse of the beauty of glacier ice in the turquoise blue of the lower glacier. One would never imagine ice could be so beautiful. But that valley on that ride to the upper

glacier! If it were only possible to give each person who worked so faithfully for the winner of The Republican contest just one glimpse of it, he would be amply repaid. The great valley, mountain-lined, lay green as any emerald, with the most wonderful blue mist shrouding it; and the dazzling whiteness of the snow on the mountains was outdazzled by their whiter cloud-mist. A walk along a very muddy road on which pedestrians of all nations were spoiling good shoes brings us to the glacier, itself. Can those beautiful semi-circular arches of exquisite blue be ice? Then surely ice is the most beautiful thing in the world, more blue than the bluest ocean or sky. To have with this beauty of ice, that of sun and mountain, mist and forest is too much to be believed. All the way back down the valley the magnificent panorama unrolls. Just opposite one of the lovely water falls we stop and a mountaineer with an Alpine horn eight feet long comes. A wild sweet call fills the air and the great mountains opposite sing it back until the whole valley is full of that song of the "mountains that sing together." Tears stand in the eyes. For once, we have heard the "melody that sings from the heights." We stop at a little road house and see a "real, live chamois," a gentle little thing that eats from our hand regarding us, meanwhile, with soft brown eyes. We gather Alpine roses, daisies. gentians, larkspur, orchids.

The rain sweeps down upon us, the carriage tops go up and the beautiful view is shut out from our eyes but into our hearts, always.

INTERLAKEN

Is that really sunshine on the floor! It is. And the two western enthusiasts next room are announcing loudly through the keyhole that "the Jungfrau is out!" A hurried plunge into any article of clothing nearest in which plunging we are beaten by our Chicago room mate—a rush down the stairs followed by the voice of the maid who cautions "Madam, you have not the key left on the hook!" It is too much for the American mind to work out the reasons why one should lock one's room door and hang the key on a nail just outside. We come meekly back, hang our

key, speechlessly, on the hook and walk out into the sunlight and the presence of the loveliest mountain we have yet seen. The near peaks crowd within hand touch apparently, wreathed with the whitest and most dazzling mist, above and below which are the deep blue and the soft green. A snow has fallen in the night on the higher peaks, which are fairly glittering white in the bright sunlight; and towering above them all, serene, remote, pure, white, scintillating, is the wonderful Jungfrau, the climax of all this beautiful mountain array. It is an ecstacy to look and be alive! the great sun fields, the august Silberhorn, the glacier, the soft blue of the mountains lower, and in front, all seem to gleam with friendly nearness to us. What a beautiful, beautiful world when "the Jungfrau is out" with its white crown in the blue heavens!

The little Chicago girl and I walk along the foaming green Aare with this view fronting us for a mile or more, then we pack our bags for leaving. My room mate tells me she has seen one of the little pepper mills into which the pepper is put and ground as it is used at the table, so we make a last flying search for one and find it. Our little boat is full of people in the gayest of spirits—the mountain climbers are very much in evidence with Alpenstock and the outrageous clothes—already described—which the mountain climbers affect; the river is the deepest possible green and all about are the mountains. We go past an ever-changing panorama of beauty, into Lake Brienz. All along, the sound of those lovely waterfalls is in our ears and the same white lacy waters stripe the green side of the mountains and the Geisbach Falls are in sight, tumbling, roaring and foaming into the lake. One can trace it up the whole height of mountain through lanes of trees, over great boulders in its three great plunges by which it makes its way into the lake from its snow fields above. By train to the foot of the mountain and by cog railway over the Brunig pass we go. What a ride that is! An ever-widening prospect of peaceful valley, checkered by fields and dotted by towns; mountain after mountain coming into view; great gulfs into which one looks from the car window; crowding fir balsam fragrant and spicy in the hot sunshine; more beautiful valley, greater mountain heights, with their white, glittering water falls; a stop at the mountain top, a wild slide down the other side

of the pass and lake Lucerne is in view. Soon Lucerne is reached and we have our room assigned in the Hotel de la Europe.

Dinner—which is a rather swell affair in which one eats to a time table, made by the bell of the head waiter which summons all the waiters—at one fell swoop and in parade line to serve the next course—we go to see the Lion of Lucerne. Very gay are the Lucerne streets, lovely the lake and river in full reflection of myriad lights. All sorts of little stores and booths line the street by which one approaches the Lion. Into a little park, dark with the foliage of trees we turn. There is a sound of falling water, and (as we walk toward it) surrounded by vines and trees, high on its, or rather in its stone cliff, gleams the Lion, in the electric light. It is majestic, pathetic, noble. All the little side shows vanish from one's mind as the great lion, powerful in health but so pathetically helples sin death, with limp paw spread protectingly over the lilies of France, shows soft and white in the white light. Never had heroism a more pathetic or beautiful monument.

At 8:30 we are off for the ascent of the Stanserhorn. It is an exquisite morning, Lake Lucerne is at its best and the friendly mountains again crowd to its shores. Twenty-one peaks we had counted from our hotel window, four of them snowclad. Over the vividly green lake we go to Stans, then get into a little car for the cog railway ascent. Again there is the beautiful panorama of valley widening and widening—only now all four arms of Lake Lucerne show their lovely waters. We snatch vivid colored wild flowers from the banks as we pass and masses of blue, red and yellow are beyond our reach. We leave our car and climb to the top—6,000 feet above sea level and look off, on one side on the 34 peaks ranged in crowded phalanx with delicate blue mist, and deep blue color to the top. How can one make another see such beauty?

In the evening at 5, we hear an organ concert in the cathedral which has one of the finest organs in Europe. It is a quaint old cathedral, surrounded by cloisters, and arcaded on two sides. At one corner is a figure of Christ and in the heavy rain of the evening, every one passing who is of the faith kneels to it. Old and young, well and ill dressed, bend the knee to the emblem of unselfish love and have been doing so

since 1100 A. D. The voice of the organ calls us in and soon we are lost in the flood of melody poured from it, into the red, violet and gold lighted spaces of the cathedral.

The next morning sees us en route for Paris.

ON TO PARIS

July 24.—A walk in the morning through the old covered Roman bridge, which goes slantingly across the river and is decorated overhead with oil paintings telling the history of Lucerne, showed how very old part of it was. How many feet in such different circumstance, had hurried under its protecting cover, while eyes looked out the little windows on the loveliness of the river.

The rain began to pour down as we left the station and the mountains disappeared rapidly. At Basle we left the frontier. At "Petite Croix" we had our "baggazh" examined and France began to slide from our car wheels.

The country is flat with its strips of grain fields, worked by the people who live in the little houses grouped about the big country house with its tall trees and whitewashed wall surrounding it. The grain is being cut with a sickle or cradle and bound by hand the women doing the cutting, the men the binding. It is hauled away in two wheeled-carts drawn by great horses hitched tandem. The deep-greens of England and Switzerland are gone and the yellow greens take their place. Most of the houses are brick with very little or no roof projection. The men mending the roads add touches of color to the landscape by their bright red, blue or yellow sashes. We travel in cars divided into compartments, entered by one side door and along this side runs a very narrow corridor, with the compartment doors on one side and large windows on the other. A brass railing runs along under the windows to which one may cling as he stands looking out while the car sways and bumps along. The train is vestibuled and the doors are locked so one can't get out at the station until the guard comes along and unlocks the door. At every station are French soldiers in uniforms of varying gorgeousness and ill fittingness. Mere country boys these soldiers are, most of them. Certainly they are neither imposing nor neat. A long ride across the flat country with

sometimes the chateau of the land-owner in sight, sometimes with glimpses down a long white road tree-bordered, sometimes a canal with its green banks and slow-moving boats, brings us to Paris.

We ride across the city to hotel D'Iena at 6 o'clock where the wet streets are full of people hurrying home through the pouring rain. A vivid, rapidly moving panorama it was. It was a little exciting to see the street cars on boats on the Seine, and rather thrilling to find we were to be near the Eiffel Tower. The D'Iena proved to be "marble hills" glittering with mirrors with many marble stairs to climb unless one waited for the slow moving elevator and the bright little French lad, who worked it. A lovable little chap he was with bright brown hair clipped close to his round head, blue eyes with a pleasant twinkle, a blue coat with white buttons, white linen trousers buttoned about the ankles by two big pearl buttons. He had a most alluring smile and a charming way of stepping out of the elevator, with a flourish, before each lady entered, as he held up one, two or three fingers with a questioning "Madame" to find out the floor. The dining room is so full of mirrors that one can scarcely breathe and the nice looking young waiters in evening dress seem an army. Any way we have ice water without a quarrel and there is some salt in what one eats. The broken fragments of stony bread with which England regaled us are replaced by rolls, and the coffee with its hot milk, is really drinkable. The Chicago man insisted he didn't dare drink it because he had just recovered from the "palps" given him by a cup of England's coffee he drank when we first landed.

Next morning is gloriously sunshiny and everything glitters. Our carriages come for us at ten and we are soon passing the Trocadero. We cross the bridge and pull up near the Ferris Wheel in a lovely green park and begin to realize what a beautiful thing the Paris exposition must have been as we note location and beauty of what is left of it. Down boulevard Qui D'Orsay we go with its bordering trees, its fine buildings, its fine carriages with well-dressed occupants.

What a beautiful bridge with its graceful arches and its golden figures lifted high into the blue of the sky! "Yes," says our guide. "It's the Alexander Bridge!" A quick turn and the glittering tower of Hotel des Invalides faces us. A regiment of soldiers tramps past. Surely the historian who said that Napoleon's wars

lowered the average Frenchman's stature four inches must be right. The men seem young, green, undersized, not very well kept. No such armies won Napoleon's victories.

Here is the Grand Palace of Painting and Sculpture with the splendid, trampling horses springing from its corners, with the woman under their chariot wheels. A fit showing of victory, surely.

Down the Champs de Elysee, past the graceful Arc de Triumph, through Place de la Concord where France more than once has poured out its best blood, past the great palace of President Loubet who comes out—a fine gray haired gentleman—with his guards for his morning ride, past the Madeline, the Vendome Column, through the gardens of The Tuilleries with their tragic memories, past Redfern's of fine gown fame to the Louvre, we go and dismiss our drivers. What a magnificent, a superb, a heart stirring, beauty —and color—filled place! What gilded ceilings, marble floors, great apartments full of the memories of kings and queens that lived and suffered or died in them. Such a palace of art as only a splendor-loving Napoleon could dream. We spend three ecstatic hours with the Winged Victory, the exquisite Venus who looks so softly at one from her station, with painting, statuary, tapestry, in the "Star Room"where "St. Michael, The Dragon," "Mona Lisa," Corregio's "Holy Family," Veronese's "Last Supper," Raphaels, Murillos, Fra Angelios, Messinis, Botticellis lend their rich, stirring color. The great painters of the world are here and what exquisite beauty and heart filling color they have left!

Exhausted, we leave until another time and repair to a French restaurant or "Restauration" as it is called—fine, apt name—for a lunch rendered rather uncertain as to its elements by our rather free translation of the menu card and our waiter's inability to understand English. When our bread is passed to us in broken pieces in a little basket we begin to understand why the stomach should be known also as a "bread basket."

The ladies of the party grow very much excited over the beautiful feather boas worn by the French ladies and exclaim over the beauty of the little French lads with velvet trousers, red waist, stockings only to shoe tops, long Lord Fauntleroy locks, great red sash until

his numbers cease to make him remarkable. French children are not always lovely but never cease to be ornate.

SHOPPING IN PARIS

July 26.—Shopping morning. "Shall we go to the Bon Marche, or The Louvre Shops?" is the burning question and is settled as each sees fit. The display windows are not so fine nor is it easy to see what is in stock unless one knows what one wants and asks for it. Then all sorts of beautiful things come out of drawers and packages. The feather boas are especially lovely and they are worn everywhere. The Americans of our party buy recklessly considering the fact that custom's examination is to be passed and it would be pretty hard to persuade "Uncle Sam" that the proper number of gloves for one American lady is sixty pairs.

In the afternoon we drive, in a big brake, with six white horses, and a driver in bright scarlet which would seem to be sufficient emphasis on the fact that we "Follow the man from Cook's."

We see the tower from which the bell gave the signal for the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew;" the place where Coligny was tossed out upon the walk for the inspection of his vicious king, No. 5 Qui de Conti where Napoleon I. lived when Madam Sans Gene was his washerwoman, the Latin Quartier, the house where Dante lived while exiled to France, the Place of the Bastile with its ghastly memories, the Column of July, the place of public execution (up to two years ago), the strange old cemetery of Pierre la Chaise with its crowded little marble tombs. A beautiful monument to the dead by Bartholdi crowns the highest point; weeping mortals look down on the dead body and sweet faced angels with backs turned to it and pinions lifted for flight look upward. Here lie the great of France: Arago, Rossini, De Musset, Rousseau, La Fontaine, Gericault, Victor Hugo, the generals of Napoleon I, Rachel. All kinds and conditions of greatness end in this crowded, artificial, flower-decked, grassless, tasteless, showy, melancholy, city of the dead.

Quite a contrast is the great market. We walk into the delectable snail part of it first. Here are gallons,

yards, quarter miles of snails of all sizes waiting the moment when they meet death at the hands of their purchasers.

Tank after tank of frogs for eating also line the aisles; then fish, lobsters, meats, vegetables, fruits, including gooseberries nearly as large as a walnut, and miles of all the sorts of flowers that grow including armloads of the most rare, exquisite roses. We pass the house of the Countess de Castellane, a pink marble affair copied after the Trianon at Versailles and dozens of other places of note. The next morning in the rain, we go to Versailles and wake the ghosts of royalty in these exquisitely beautiful grounds and splendid marble, picture-decorated palaces. No spot is more pathetic to us than the little balcony from which the poor, ill prepared, well meaning, mistaken Marie Antoinette faced the mob from Paris, at the beginning of the revolution, with her children.

Next comes a ride up 666 feet to the top of the Eiffel Tower where all Paris lies at one's feet like a great, green, tree trimmed map with the Seine and its many graceful bridges making a green ribbon dividing it, Paris is lovely, lovely.

It is very intereting to see Paris with a person who lived in it, for a time, twenty years ago. Mr. Bryant, father of Prof. Bryant of Coe, had done so and we were fortunate enough to be the sightseer with him. As we stood on the top platform of the Eiffel Tower Mr. and Mrs. Bryant pointed out everything of interest in Paris and we discussed warmly, whether the people we saw in the streets below looked as tall as a Newfoundland dog or only as tall as a little one. The sinking sun drove us, reluctantly, home to dinner for part of the party were going to Grand Opera in the evening. The ride through the brilliantly lighted streets, the gaily dressed people, the throng entering the Grand Opera house square, the soldiers in glittering uniforms which lined it, were all forgotten when the blaze of light showed us the splendid entrance hall of the house itself. All that spaciousness, gracefulness of decoration, rich marbles, grand sweep of stair cases could do to make a building impressive had been done. The most beautiful opera house in the world was no disappointment. A soldier in uniform directs us through a rich velvet curtain to the next stair case. Beautiful women elegantly dressed were removing opera cloaks and finely dressed men were assisting them. None except those in full dress en-

ter here so up we go, marble stair case after marble stair case to our boxes high up in the house. A woman usher shows us in and locks the box door after us and from its obscurity we look out on the great stage with its velvet, Mansfield-looking, draped curtain. An orchestra of seventy pieces occupies the orchestra place and the overture to Saint Saens "Samson and Delilah" has begun. The music claims us instantly. What plaintive sweet, crying notes from the first violins and how the throbbing tones of the two harps are felt all through the melody. That orchestra was a joy. Such beautiful shading, such response to the need of a great climax as fairly lifted the chorus of 200 singers when the need comes! The curtain slides out of sight, the drop curtain rises and in the white moonlight, the terraces, fountains, palaces and groves of Delilah show. There must be promptness for another opera follows this. From beginning to end the detail was perfection. Lighting colors, costumes, scenery—even to floating clouds, running waters and lightning; massing of the chorus, movement of it, all as exact as a problem in mathematics. Poor anger-tossed Samson defies his enemies. His voice is a magnificent baritone and his acting is as dramatic as his voice is fine. He is Wm. Casset. The house is eagerly responsive and as the dramatic climax between himself and the contralto—Madame Heylon-Delilah, comes it grows as still as death and breaks into a roar of applause and "vivas!" as the curtain goes down after an exquisite duet between them.

Our woman usher brings us a program for which she thriftily makes us pay a franc and unlocks our box. We go out to look down at the finely dressed people who throng the foyer, then take a look at the white, gold and crimson decorations of the house.

The sound of a bell recalls us and, two minutes after it strikes, the curtain is up for the next scene. What can one want in a singer, that Madam Heylon has not? Grace, beauty, a magnificent, sympathetic contralto voice, splendid acting power are all hers.

We listen motionless and rapt to those beautiful voices not "coming to" until the ballet of eighty, in the softest tints, have made color, motion and music, all one mystic whole for us.

We heave a long sigh and suddenly realize that we are tired through and through with intense feeling and listening, as the curtain goes down on the finale. We are glad of a rest before Leoncavallo's "Paillasse"

begins. It is done with the same finish and the enthusiasm of the audience shows no decrease though midnight is past. The streets are as crowded and brilliant as we drive home at one o'clock as they were at eight. When does Paris sleep? We almost drop with surprise to find our entire hansom bill for the evening is but forty cents, for our hotel is two miles from the opera house and our home coming very late. But the fact that a "restauration" charged us for the use of table-cloth and napkin at noon serves to keep the balance even.

The next morning the rain still pours. Rain or no rain we decide to go to church and one of the little Seine boats is the best way. Mr. and Mrs. Bryant make a fine sprint to catch the first one and we began to pass empty exposition buildings. All sorts of craft pass us and work goes on everywhere as in week days. Women work at washing in the public wash-stations along the river where a few cents bring the privilege of using all necessary appliances for doing such work. Public bath houses are frequent. Here is the chamber of deputies where the laws of France grow, and next the obelisk marking the spot where Marie Antoinette and Robespiere, with thousands of the French nobles watered the soil with their blood. Gay as it is how blood-drenched a city is Paris!

The Concord Bridge shows its graceful curve and we look with interest at the stones of the old Bastile of which it is built and think of the human misery they have hemmed in.

The twin towers of Notre Dame show through the mist and soon we enter its beautiful doors. Very impressive is the scene. The cathedral is draped in mourning for the pope. Great throngs of the faithful are here and every little chapel on either side the immense nave has its many burning candles and its kneeling worshippers. The massive columns are wrapped in black, fringed with long silver fringe and banded at the top with silver stripes and stars. Between each two columns are black, silver fringed draperies, looped into three festoons held by silver cord and tassel. On the middle one and at the top, glow the pope's coat of arms in colors. The high altar is an immense catafalque in black and silver, overhung by an immense papal crown in the same colors. The nave is filled with seats for the dignitaries who are to attend the ceremonies, all covered in silver or black and silver.

A stir in the crowd and the arch-bishop of Paris attended by a brilliant procession led by the most impressive beadle with black and silver crook which he strikes on the floor at each step, comes from the transept, and the service begins. The sweet high voices of the boy soprani soar to the great roof and all the pomp and ceremony of a great church, with its centuries of history, unfolds itself while thousands of candles glimmer and the rose, gold, and green of the beautiful windows weave flower colors in the air. It is borne in upon us again how great a man is the pope, more powerful than the most powerful king. As we pass the old man by the pillar who sits back of a little shrine on which is a golden bowl, he suddenly and unexpectedly dashes holy water from it with his little brush, upon our forehead, cheeks and chest. Startled we find the spell broken, and go out to see the beauty of The Louvre again.

LONDON

Midnight finds us on the English channel and no one could have persuaded us, in our wildest moments that water could behave as that channel did. Running over rock heaps with an electric car couldn't have jarred us worse nor spilled us worse. No wonder a tunnel under the channel is always being talked of.

Morning finds us on English soil, rather white and frazzled to be sure, but alive; which fact is rather surprising to all of us in consideration of the night. Now London, great, historic, interesting London is to be our abiding place. "Thank heaven!" sighs a non-French-speaking gentleman of the party, "I'm once more in a country where I can tell people what I think of them." A comment which speaks volumes for his opinion of the French people.

Two hundred and thirty miles in four hours and twenty minutes is not such slow going after all. That was the way the Midland Road took us through the most vividly green, flower covered country, to London. A brilliant blue mist showed in every tree vista and the high rounded Derbyshire Hills with their little checkers of wheat and oats fields were drowned deep in it. From this beautiful country through towns that looked like "spotless towns" in Sapolio advertisements we suddenly reach by way

of tunnels Paddington Station in London. No riding through miles of suburbs, here, but we are promptly landed in the "heart of the world."

The streets are gay with bunting, English flags, American flags. Great streamers of red, white and blue, mottoes in English and French welcoming President Loubet of France, lined High Holborn and Picadilly Circus. We were a day late for the great parade of King and President in these streets but thousands of people crowded them at night viewing the decorations. The tops of the great double decked omnibusses were filled with gaily dressed sightseers and flags fluttered from the top of each of the hundreds of these most entrancing vehicles. "Punch and Judy" shows killed the devil in side street, under flaring gasoline lights; tumblers in rather soiled tights spread a cloth recklessly in the crowded street and tied themselves into animated human knots while long lines of vehicles drove carefully around them and the crowd applauded. Detachments of horse guards in scarlet coats, on black horses paraded solemnly with clanking of gold chains; Scotch "kilties" in their plaid kilts stalked haughtily about; on all sides were color, motion, life. Bands and piano organs—which played, "Coon, Coon, Coon;" "The Good Old Summer Time", enlivened any otherwise dull moment, and at the end of this gay street loomed St. Paul's great dome soaring into the blue English sky. Talk about fascinating Paris! Nothing could exceed the charm of this grim, gray old London which has wrought, suffered, accomplished, dared for hundreds of years! And of all the charming things to do in this delightful place to ride on the top of an omnibus through busy crowds down miles and miles of streets, every foot of which makes history and literature live is the most thrilling.

Next day sees us in the British Museum. As we enter the hall, we are smillingly greeted by the Messners of Cedar Rapids. Imagine our surprise! They are probably the only people we knew in all London. What a storehouse of treasures the museum is! We see the real Rossetti stone, the mummy of Rameses II, the beautiful and pathetic Elgin Marbles, the wonderful tomb of the greatest king of Asia Minor who ruled 373 B. C., beautiful hand illumined books and rare manuscripts. We look at the original manuscript of Coleridge's "Hymn to Sunrise," By-

ron's "Childe Harold," Gray's "Elegy," and then are taken solemnly and silently to view—in a room by itself—the famous "Magna Charta." We see hundreds of copies of early printed books; mummies galore, including mummies of the sacred cats of Egypt. Poor little pussies! They have now most beautifully gilded and gem decorated mummy cases! Our last and most exciting viewing is of the Portland vase. Surprise is no word for our sensation when we see the little Wedgwood looking thing which is so jealously guarded.

In the evening we "rest off our minds," by going to see Madame Tussaud's wax works. A ride of several miles on top of the omnibus brings us to the immense building in which the works are housed. It is all plush, velvet, mirrors and gilt, with marble floors and pillars. An orchestra in most remarkably "giddy" plush uniforms plays classical music. We distinguish ourselves by trying to buy a catalogue of a remarkably life-like wax figure, and revenge ourselves by giggling at the same feat performed by the people following us and then plunge into the excitement of the exhibition.

The figures are very life-like, indeed, and wear real clothes of the finest kind. The Paris gowns of the queen and her court ladies are fairly ravishing. We gaze on William First, John Wycliffe, Henry V, Queen Elizabeth, Benjamin Franklin, the Emperor of China, Tennyson and scores of others. Mr. Grier sits down to rest and two strange ladies approach. "It is," says one. "No, he isn't," says the other. The first one approaches more closely. "Yes, he is one," she says. The second also approaches very close, indeed. A sudden not possible-to-suppress sneeze from Mr. G, a scream, and a rush across the room by the two ladies finishes the scene. Miss Gurley's Chicago nerve won't stand the "Chamber of Horrors," so she is left and we go alone, down long dark stairs, lighted by dim lanterns, past dungeon doors where men die in agony, past rows of murderers, death bed scenes, beheaded ladies, to the room where are the axe that beheaded a thousand, the instruments of torture of the Spanish Inquisition, the ropes that hung murderers. It is curlding, horrible. A ride on the top of another bus through gaily lighted streets and we sleep to dream of wax people in a wax land.

NOTABLE BUILDINGS

Three more notable buildings than Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral and the Parliament houses would be hard to find in any city; one, the tomb of the great dead, the next the place of worship for the great living, the third, the working place of the leaders of the nation, make them objects of interest to all the great army of visitors in London. To begin with the Parliament building. The favorite omnibus—green in color—takes us from the First Avenue Hotel on High Holborn, through a narrow, dark little cross street filled with stores containing all sorts of law books, past the great law buildings, out to the bustle and rush of one of the great arteries of London. Down past the Hotel Cecil with its dozens of waiting cabs, past the "American Quick Lunch Place", where a real giant seven feet tall baked big pancakes in a window and Americans inside ate them while Americans outside gazed in smiling, we go to Trafalgar Square. Here the great Landseer Lions lie facing the National Gallery and the lovely fountain before it, gazing calm-eyed on all the thousands of vehicles and tens of thousands of people that pass. We see here people from India, from Burmah, from Australia, Scotch soldiers in kilts, horse guards, volunteers, Japanese, Russians, French, Italians, Swedes, Germans. A polyglot city, surely, is London. A change of omnibus, a drive of ten minutes through still more crowded streets past the barracks of the king's horse guards where two gorgeous figures in shining black horses mount guard—motionless— at each gate, past a fire company whose apparatus is kept underground in the middle of the crowded street while the company keeps watch from a little house built over the stored apparatus, and the beautiful airy square towers of the Parliament building are in view. What splendid buildings! Enclosed by a high ornamental fence set off by green lawn on one side, the Thames back of them and the everlasting stream of humanity crossing the fine bridge at their river corner, they give an air of dignity and beauty to the crowded streets. The great entrance hall and splendid marble staircase add to our impressions of the beauty of these palaces of government. It is a sunshiny day and the rooms are alive with the colors of the rich stained glass.

An officer takes us in charge and we go into the

king's robing room in which he prepares to meet parliament. It has two most beautiful paintings on its walls—one, Vokes' "Sir Tristram." Through the royal gallery with its statues and paintings, through the prince's chamber to the House of Lords we go, chased off each leather covered couch, with which rooms and corridors are lined, in which we try to rest, by a stern policeman. Here in the House of Lords is the same beauty in elaborate carvings, frescoes, paintings, stained glass. The high chairs are surmounted by gilt crowns; that of the presiding officer is also. The room seems small considering its use and has no conveniences of desk room as one would expect. Out we go, with scores of other Americans, to the Peer's Lobby in which are the coat hangers and hooks, each with the name of the peer above it. We hunt up Lord Salisbury's not realizing how death will soon take him to other duties and wider life. Through the Peer's corridor with its fine pictures, to the central hall we go, to look at the fine carved ceiling. Many statues gleam white in it and we realize that we are in the center of the place in which are planned the workings of one of the greatest governments the world has ever known.

The House of Commons corridor and lobby are a repetition of the beauty of the Peer's side. The queer canopied chairs of the door keepers of the house attract us and the omnipresent policeman extracts us from them and starts us through the door into the house of commons. Long, red covered leather benches, no place to write or put books, a narrow aisle separating one side from the other, beautifully carved overhanging galleries, a splendid dark old oak ceiling, rich reds and yellows in the great windows, make up our impression of it. The chair of the presiding officer is on the lowest floor space and the benches rise in tiers from it. We see the room of the leader of the house, the division lobby, the library, then go to St. Stephen's hall and porch. Most impressive is the beauty of the ceiling, carved in fan traceries, upheld by its slender clustered shafts. Westminster hall shows another beautifully carved oak ceiling. We then go down to see the crypt where, from slender single shafts, springs another carved ceiling in great arches. Here we see the spot where Guy Fawkes put his fuse to fire the barrels of gunpowder concealed underneath and meant to wreck the

place. Much history has this part seen, for it was built by Edward I. It is now fitted up as a beautiful chapel. How one's history "comes alive" in such a place! It is time to leave. Weeks would not exhaust the beauties and interest of the place and why try to do it in hours?

Sunday morning sees us on top of the omnibus going to St. Paul's to service. The great chimes are clashing and pealing as we come from the little side alley into the old church yard, and crowds of people hurry in at the great side door. A very pompous beadle with a long silver crook ushers people to seats and the vast nave is half-filled by the audience, mainly sight seers.

The gold and red of the new reredos shows well against the somber plainness of the rest of the vast edifice. The great dome seems to float in the air high above us. So cold it is, that some of the less devout take the little mats intended for kneeling upon, lay them on the marble floor and set benumbed feet upon them. The low cane seated chairs with the stiff narrow back and a wide flat rail on top are very uncomfortable. The chimes cease and the great organ, built on both sides of the chancel fills the vast space with its lovely song of Mendelssohn's and we forget all the vastness, all the white, gleaming tablets and monuments, all the amazing height of the great dome, in the flood of melody. Then there rises the clear, sweet, pure, soaring voice of the boy soprano, "Hear Thou Our Prayer." It is so exquisite, it seems angelic. Then the choir chants the service which is antiphonal, the men answering the clear, sweet, mellow voices of the boys in the grand, centuries-old Church-of-England ritual. The music is most impressive. When the "May the Souls of the Departed Rest in Peace" comes sweet and strong from the choir, "Rest in Peace" is echoed from floor, walls and dome of the great sanctuary and the "House of the Lord" literally did "Sing His Praise." After each phrase, the singers waited for the superb response made by the cathedral. A short sermon by the dean of St. Paul's, a lovely anthem, and the throng walks down the longest nave in the world, past Wellington's great monument, under the carved flowers in stone that deck each pillar, into the sunshine of a London Sabbath.

But the flower of the three buildings is West-

minster. It is Saturday morning when the tower door swings open for our first visit. A burst of melody from the splendid organ, the lovely voices of the choir, light from the rich colored glass windows drifting across white monument and tablet, the ghosts of all English history crowding the space, between monuments, such was our greeting from Westminster. It is the splendily carved, impressive, dignified, beautiful shrine of what a great people has done. Poet's Corner where Scott, Goldsmith, Dickens, Burns, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Jennie Lind and Handel bear each other company in tablet or bust is crowded with Americans. Henry VII.'s chapel with its fan-traceried marble ceiling, the finest in the world, holds the sleeping kings and queens and the coronation chair of Edward VII, with its old Stone of Scone under it. This chair is an object of great interest and always has a crowd about it. We follow our fine looking English curate through the other beautiful chapels, go into the old chapter house, out into the old cloisters that look out upon the quiet of the dean's yard and hear, faintly, the giant roar of London as we think of all the centuries of valor, cowardice, achievement and failure which this stately and lovely place has seen. An English woman with lips trembling with grief, reads a little tablet set in the age blackened stone of the old cloister. The names of great ones are on either side. As the lady moves slowly away to look out upon the quiet and peace of the cloister-enclosed green yard, we read "Jane Lister, dear childe, aged 9—, 17—."

Hearts are the same in all centuries and here is an old, old heart break set for all who grieve for children gone, in the time blackened walls of one of the greatest monuments to human glory. Most blessed the memory of a "dear childe," be the tablet in Westminster or elsewhere in this sad, old world.

HISTORIC PLACES IN LONDON

Saturday is our "busy day." In the forenoon we see the Parliament buildings, eat lunch at an A. B. C. restaurant, short for Areated Bread Company's restaurant, where we pay two pennies for butter, fivepence for bread, sixpence for a "lemon squash." "Lemon squash" is a drink calculated to bring on "perforation of the anatomy," since it is citric acid

In water with not any sugar. Everything is clean and the girl waiters in white aprons and black dresses are "slow but sure."

After luncheon the open landaus call for us, with liveried driver on box, at the First Avenue Hotel and the party arranges itself for a drive. It is pretty hard to "keep next" in such a crowded street as High Holborn. First is a low, peaked-gabled wooden house—the last bit of old London—about five hundred years old. It makes one feel young. Then at the "parting of the ways" is Theodore Parker's church; further down is all that is left of the old Newgate Prison where debtors were confined and which Charles Dickens made famous. St. Paul's shows its beautiful, floating dome—old "St. Martin's Le Grand"—black with age—looks very small by comparison. The beautiful perpendicular spire of Bow Bells church shows against the blue and we understand why architects say it is one of the finest proportoned towers in all England. Somebody talks about Dick Whittington —mayor of London—and how everybody born within sound of Bow Bells is a cockney.

Up a ilttle short street with pigeons walking sedately about on its old flagged pavement is the old Guildhall where the governing body of London has its sessions and the king, a few days before, had given his great banquet to President Loubet. The stained glass is very rich and makes beautiful colors on the great ugly statues of Gog and Magog which frown from one end of the hall as the guide tells us what part of Guildhall escaped the Great Fire; where President Loubet sat, where the Lord Mayor of London sits at he great banquets.

A short distance down the street is a rather grimy-looking, three story, stone house, with four gas posts on its uncovered porch, which is the residence of the Lord Mayor. He must be a man of strong nerves to live where such a great and constant stream of people and vehicles flows past.

Everybody looks hard at the gray stone building (with iron bars at each window) which is the "commercial center of the world"—the Bank of England. Across the street is the Royal Exchange and a few prosperous looking old English gentlemen of portly build, with high silk hats, white "mutton-chop" whiskers—very red cheeks and good clothes—stroll down its steps.

Tramping past go great groups of young, rather thin men in kaiki uniform, with broad brimmed hat caught up on one side, and rifle in hand. They are the volunteers going out to Hyde Park to drill. They look small and rather insignificant.

Here is old Distaff Lane of history. We pass the splendid Blackfriar's station and bridge then turn to the Thames embankment. It is a very broad drive along the Thames with a fine walk, walled in, next the river. The Thames is a surprise in that it seems dead. There is no traffic on it at all. Only a few barges lie moored at the landings.

Here is the Temple church, Temple Bar, Somerset House, where all wills are recorded, and the center of such interests; Waterloo bridge—Cleopatra's needle between two sphinxes—Whitehall court, the new Scotland Yards, where the detective work of the city is done, St. James Park, the Foreign colonial offices with the American flag flying from our own embassy, the residence of the prime minister, a dingy looking, two story place. Marlborough House, the residence of the prince of Wales, where tents fill the yard and a brilliant garden party is in progress comes next. Then, a litter later King Edward's palace with its very high wall surmounted by spikes—its sentries, in red coats (in the sentry boxes), standing perfectly motionless, to our great surprise. The gardens of the palace are lovely with the greenest of sward, brightest of flowers, and fine old trees, but the palace looks, not in the least like a palace, but like the great, rambling old house it is. What a fall to our dreams of the palace in which a king must live.

We take a peep at Rotten Row later, where long rows of horsemen and women ride solemnly on their "docked" horses, under the fine trees, with no vehicle to molest, for none are allowed on this drive. The horses are beautiful, the people less so, the scene not especially gay. Barrie's "Little White Bird" made us look very interestedly at Kensington Gardens and well did they repay our interest with rich bloom and lovely trees of all kinds. We find out that the flats near are called "mansions" and they have knockers and electric bells, a queer mixture of ancient and modern. Here are a fine group of buildings: The work houses—the Museum of Natural History, an immense place; the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Museum of Fine Arts; the Imperial Institute, the Duke of Westminster's town house. This youg man is the richest land

owner in England and has just come of age. We are dissappointed that we can see but little of the Prince Albert Memorial, for what we can see of its gleaming whiteness is lovely but the rest is and has been scaffolded for three years, being cleaned, and it is about one-fourth done. Dozens of other interesting places we see but mail carriers are making the 6 o'clock collection in their coarse gray bags—just ordinary bags—not mail pouches—which they carry swung over the shoulder, so to the hotel for our seven course dinner which will leave us hungry, we go. We know we shall go out into the street after it and buy a pound of those great, walnut-sized, sweet delicate-flavored strawberries for threepence (six cents) and eat every one of them.

After, we go to old Drury Lane Theater to see Sir Henry Irving in Sardou's "Dante." We find women in box offices or "booking offices" as they are called, women with black aprons and white caps acting as ushers and selling programs for a six-pence (12 cents) each. We also find that tickets to "the pit" what we in America call "the parquet," are the cheapest being one shilling (twenty-five cents.) We decided to sit in the first balcony—known to Londoners as "the family circle," and pay six shillings accordingly. The theater is about as large as McVicker's and is in red and gold, with a draw curtain over the drop curtain, a-la-Mansfield.

On the backs of the chairs are little boxes with slots in them with the price to be put into the slot specified. A shilling brings out on opera glass, a six-pence chocolate bon bons. The girl ushers sell "lem-on-squash" at a shilling a glass, also tea and coffee at a six-pence per cup between acts. A fine orchestra of 40 pieces is playing the overture to "Poet and Peasant" as we are seated and a moment after the curtain goes up on the splendid stage setting of the first act. Those who like to have "something doing" every ten minutes in a play would certainly be delighted with "Dante" and any playgoer who likes splendid costumes, action, fine stage settings, elaborate scenic effects, careful attention to detail, fine acting, certainly has all these. From the tragic beginning with the starving miser in the first act, through the awful death scene of the Cardinal in the third, to the whole staging of Dante's "Inferno" in the last act, one sits stiff and breathless with emotion. As the curtain goes down on the last act, the audience rises and cheers, claps, waves hand-

kerchiefs, calls, until Sir Henry has responded to six such calls. At the seventh, he says as sadly as though he were pronouncing a death sentence, "I thank you," and stalks off. The streets are alight and gay as we go back through the Old London toward our hotel. The "Pubs"—short for saloons—are wide open. We count, lined up at a bar, drinking, forty people, of whom sixteen are children below sixteen years of age. and women lurch along the streets. We had seen no drunkenness in London before, though we had seen plenty of drinking. Here is the secret of much of London's poverty and misery though her poverty and misery are no doubt, largely accountable for the drinking. How much are we "civilized" after all?

How can one tell all that one does in such an interesting place as London? Our party worked industriously, but what we saw was as a grain of sand on the seashore to what we did not see.

We saw the King and Queen, Princess Victoria, the Prince of Wales, Lord Roberts, Lord Salisbury, Joseph Chamberlain, dozens of army officers of high rank all looking just as their pictures in magazine and newspapers make them. No picture could do justice to the sweetness, grace and beauty of the Queen. She is one's ideal of everything womanly and queenly, bless her! The King looks the rather fat, very dignified, Englishman of rank with a splendid shaped head. The omnibus driver confided to us that "A King's all very well, mum, but it will be a long time before we 'as a ruler we loves like old Queen Vic, if she was a loidy." We ride ecstatic miles on the tops of omnibuses in the seat next the driver; we see Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her own theater in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and a most beautiful woman she is. Every movement is grace itself and her acting is finished, quiet, powerful; helped out by a most wonderfully pathetic velvety, flexible voice used as Modjeska used hers. It is a heart-breaking play.

Sir Henry Irving's son plays in his theater, "The Admirable Crichton" and makes many friends in the doing it. The Music Halls are wonderfully interesting, the fireworks out at Crystal Palace on the night of "Bank Holiday" are most magnificent. Mrs. Alma Jones, sister of Mr. Jones on First avenue, who is the best maker of Edison records in the world, comes down to the First Avenue and delights the party by singing to us in her big, rich contralto voice. She sings at Drury Lane theater the next week and says

she likes to do it and intends to come to America to sing some day. We devoutly hope she may. It was a most gracious act of courtesy to the party, by a very busy woman and we thank both Mrs. Alma who sang to us, and Alice Jones of Cedar Rapids who brought her, for a most enjoyable evening. We go out to "Ampstead 'Eath" and see that great park with its rolling lawns, grazing sheep, little coster carts, and thousands of Londoners enjoying a bit of country and looking out over the splendid panorama of London and its blue hills on the horizon from its highest point.

We go down to Petticoat Lane Sunday morning and see every article possible to name on sale in little carts in the middle of the street or from the floors of the single-room stores about 9 by 10 ft. on which the goods are stored in heaps.

But the art galleries! The National, Tait's, The National Portrait, The Dore Collection, the Svane Collection, all gave us rapturous hours. "Christus" was on exhibition at The Dore gallery. As one walked toward it the eyes were closed in the worn, dead face, but suddenly they opened and body and heart beat stopped for the instant, as those eyes looked straight into one's soul with a look that seemed to make one the sole author of all that sorrow and death. It is a strange picture, indeed. The National Gallery, facing Landseer's Great Lions, attracted us for its splendid collection of Constable's landscapes; its Gainsborroughs, its Greuze's "Girl with The Apple," its Hogarth's "Shrimp Girl," its Landseer's animals, its Millaises, its Reynoldses, but most of all its wonderful collection of Turners. Such glory of color as can not be imagined, is his. One never knows of what beauty color is capable until it glows for him on Turner's canvasses.

The Tait Gallery makes one love Watts, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Landseer, Leighton. and many a less known man as one had never expected to love any painter's work. The hours in the galleries were hours of unalloyed bliss stopped only because the floors began to come up and the walls to whirl, through one's fatigue.

We rose in the early dawn and rushed to Covent Garden market with Miss Gurley to see miles and miles of fruit, vegetables, and flowers. Flowers of every kind that ever grew in long, many colored, deliciously scented rows that stretched for tempting

block after block and lured us until a mad race for breakfast resulted. A great handful of yellow sweet peas was our trophy while Miss Gurley carried two great bunches of brilliant and fragrant roses. The ungrateful party received our flower offerings with fierce reproaches that they had not been taken along; all forgetful of the Herculean effort necessary to drag one tired sightseer from her couch at that early hour, let alone a party of twenty-five.

We went to "The Tower" one beautiful morning, entered by The Traitor's Gate and walked toward The Bloody Tower, past the gun carriage on which English seamen drew the casket of Queen Victoria at that great funeral which gave all England the heartache. We were taken in charge by an old soldier in the uniform of "The Yeoman of the Guard." And very queer he looked in his old "bonnet," and long skirted waist, with spear held in hand as he strutted before us with more dignity than ever any king had. We went up into the White Tower planned by William the Conqueror, in 1216, up to the King's Banqueting Hall, we saw the axe that beheaded the unhappy prisoners, the hundreds and hundreds of arms of all kinds covering walls and ceiling, the many coats of armor worn by the great in battle, knights, Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth, Robert Dudley. Out in the great court where hundreds of volunteers tramped about drilling, we saw the spot where Anne Boleyn, Queen Katherine Howard and poor Lady Jane Grey were beheaded. Down in the little chapel of "St. Peter in Chains" we went and walked up to the altar in front of which lie, in one common grave, the bones of the thirty-one nobles of England who were beheaded in The Tower, including the three unhappy Queens, Then we see the Crown Jewels and go away to a well earned lunch, all the ghosts of our English History having "come alive" and walked about with us in this haunted place.

Luncheon would not have been so necessary had we not gone up into the tower in which all the unhappy prisoners were confined. Up steep, dark, worn winding stone stairs to the little low-ceiled rooms we went. Such little slits of windows through the thick stone walls. Such pathetic markings on the stone showing hope deferred. Here, in this Beauchamp Tower Robert Dudley, Peverel, The Duke of Norfolk, Philip Howard, the four brothers of Dudley, Geffreye Poole, and a long list of others have cut their own memorials into

the walls of their prison. Under the stairs were found the bones of the little Princess of The Tower, now resting in Westminster. What misery these old walls have hemmed in! What misery!

Luncheon drives away the ghosts and we go back to London proper. We go to Lincoln's Inn Fields, a beautiful old park, where Charles Dickens, Lamb and many others of those who "see visions and interpret them to other men" had sat and strolled. We sat, in the waning twilight under one of the magnificent old trees which dated back to those times and saw those creatures of Charles Dickens' brain flit about in the growing darkness unseen by the children playing gaily in their midst. Just a square down is The Old Curiosity Shop. Such a tiny little place! We get to "Sairy Gamp's" house just in time, for it is being torn down. The Old Curiosity Shop goes this spring. One of the party remarked with a pleased air that she "was so glad she came this summer. Everything old would be gone by next."

How can one tell all one did in such a historic, literary, musical treasury as London's. We took all sorts of charming strolls with history unfolding itself at each step. We haunted literary land marks. We were ecstatic every moment and tears fell as we gazed our last on London from the train that bore us toward old and unique Oxford.

OXFORD AND HOME

Oxford, England, August 4, 1903.

Our Republican trip in England is ended and we are now on one of our own, alone, in the Shakespeare region. The train pulls into Oxford in the rain. The platform is crowded with people, as there is a University Extension course of lectures for teachers to be given and they are coming in great numbers, to take advantage of it. They are a very jolly, talkative, wide-awake set of people. One of them takes charge of us to take us to see the Shelley Memorial and asks eager questions about the way "we do it" in America. No wonder people rave over Oxford, its beauty, its quaintness, its charms! No description can make one who has never been there see how lovely it all is.

We have a guide, all to ourselves, who walks us about ten miles between 12:30 and 5:30 but we are all unconscious of fatigue. There is too much to enjoy.

As we start out on Broad street a cross in the middle of it attracts our attention and we find it marks the spot where Ridley and Latimer were burned at the stake in 1555 while Cranmer, who met the same fate on the same spot later, looked on from his prison near. We look at the beautiful Martyr's Cross built in memory of the three and go into the church of St. Mary Magdalene to see the old prison door. An American lady, a descendant of Latimer, was looking at it in a very excited frame of mind over her ancestor, as we entered. She said she had "never realized before how horribly he had been treated." We find that Oxford has 23 colleges and halls, each under its own management which is superintended by a general board, and about 3,000 students; the school year is three terms of 8 weeks from June to October. English students are not so hard worked as the men in American universities, having more vacations and less work under pressure.

We go to Trinity college, which graduated Green, the English historian, Cardinal Newman, Sir William Pitt, Brice, Freeman, Herschel. It is, as are all the colleges, built on four sides of a beautiful quadrangle with lovely, dark green English sward, ivy covering all the walls and flowers blooming at their base. Its chapel has some most exquisitely carved flowers in wood by Gibbons adorning its altar walls and rail. The dining hall, where all students must dine, has very heavy oak tables, black with age, and long benches without backs upon which to sit at table. The ceiling is of the same black oak. The lime walk has most beautiful old limes that have seen many a generation of young men come and go. We go out and down the street past "The Heads of the Caesars," as the statues in front of the Bodleian library are called, to the Sheldonian theater where degrees are conferred. But the day before Joseph Choate, our ambassador to England, had been given a degree. We stand upon the same place in which he stood and wonder how he felt. The dome shaped ceiling has very fine frescoes and here is more oak carving. The place seems small indeed for convocation and all stand except those fortunate enough to find seats in the gallery.

The Bodleian library has a curious tower showing five styles of architecture, Tuscon, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite. It was built in 1602 and has a

most beautiful old carved oak ceiling, a fine collection of books (many very old) and a great museum. In its picture gallery are portraits by the great portrait painters of England. Just inside the entrance door is a rough old oak chair made from the timbers of "The Golden Hind" in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world. We sat in it to rest a moment and be devoutly thankful we were not in The Hind.

Here is a fine Holbein of Woolsey, a Van Dyke's Charles I, and five oil paintings of Luther and Erasmus. The Divinity School, despoiled by Cromwell who used it as a stable, has an oak ceiling carved in the same exquisite fan traceries that make Henry the VII's chapel in Westminster so beautiful. Here Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were tried. It is hard to forgive Cromwell for destroying the beautiful stained glass of its chapel windows. We hope he has discovered, by this time, the enormity of his doings.

We look with great interest on Heber's Tree which shadowed his window in Braseurse college and go to see the old brazen knocker which had been lost for 560 years and which Oxford bought a large estate to recover. Its chapel is unlike the others in that it has a most gorgeous Byzantine ceiling. At Lincoln college we looked with great interest at Wesley's Rooms and his beautiful sweet-pea vine, covering half of one side the long quadrangle and beautiful with its soft-tinted, fragrant bloom.

Exeter chapel, like Sainte Chapelle in Paris, with its queer, stiff Burne-Jones tapestries, designed by Burne-Jones and designs carried out by Morris, because both were Exeter men showed the close tie between the college and its graduates. The college brewery with its great vats of beer was rather a surprise for us though we should have known that Oxford makes both its own beer and its own (and the world's) Bibles.

New College Chapel has a fine Reynolds' window and windows by Rubens' pupils. The reredos is new, a fine specimen of modern wood carving and extends from floor to ceiling. Beautiful are the old gardens of this college which enclose part of the old city wall built in 1643 during the civil war and younger by almost 300 years than the misnamed New College which was founded in 1379. Is it any wonder that the English love England educated, as they are, with all the

years of English history walking about college gardens and walls? St. Peter's-in-the-East, an old 11th century church with the most grotesque gargoyles is near and we view it with reverence.

Madeline chapel with its lovely tower and its Addison's walk, tree bordered, along its placid, grassy meadows, seems so beautiful and serene; so sure of itself and its ways. The deer graze in the green tree-crowded college park and the gray walls shut out the rush of the outer world.

At Oriel is the exquisite Shelley Memorial; a nude, snow-white, drooping, dead, figure with the laurels of victory falling from the poor dead hand and the laurel crown fallen, the stars looking down from the blue arch of the sky above on the ending of earth's effort for fame. No description could do justice to the matchless purity and beauty of it; its pathos, its hope, the splendid quadrangle of Christ college, its old and most beautiful chapel, part college, part cathedral with its Saxon, Norman, Early English architecture; its most beautiful stained glass dropping its soft colors on the whiteness of its grouped shafts, fill us with delight.

The old Broad Walk with its two hundred year old trees, the old college kitchen with its door and lock still in fine condition and used since 1525, the old Town Tower with its bell that closes all college gates at ten o'clock; the grave of Amy Robsart in St. Mary, the Virgin's chapel, all waken again our ghosts of English history. We sit, in the waning twilight and listen to the service in old Christ church cathedral and the day goes out in splendor as the sweet voiced choir boys chant the most impressive service. Too tired to feel more we go to our slumbers.

In the morning we go to University Extension lecture, to a lecture on English, talk to the English teachers, see the chained Bible of 1387 in Merton chapel, walk Addison's walk, go down Broad Walk to Christ church meadows, to see the lovely Isis and its over arching trees. The next day sees us leaving beautiful, enchanting, inspiring Oxford for Warwick.

At Warwick we see the splendid old Warwick castle, the finest of the medieval English castles, with its great portcullis, moat, high walls, lovely old parks and gardens through which flows the Avon. We see that part of the castle shown to visitors and Lady

Warwick one of the beauties of England who is not always seen by them. She is stately, graceful, aristocratic, gentle with the presence that is inherited from centuries of rule. She is evidently, every inch a lady. It is a liberal education in beauty and charm to have seen such an one, yet many an American woman we have seen is just as lovely, but no American woman we ever saw had such a presence.

We go, one most glorious day, to see Kenilworth castle, over a road like a clean city street, through a country green and fresh, with splendid trees, with hedge rows blooming with honeysuckle and jassamine and glistening hedges of holly shutting in thatched cottages with roofs coming almost to the ground. A climb to the top of the old ruins gives a far reaching view over a green tree clad country to dim blue horizon. The old moat is crowded with trees, the tilting yard glitters with holly, green leaf with white edge, or yellow edge. What a splendid place this must have been when Queen Elizabeth came in state with a resplendent retinue to visit it for ten days!

We climb about in Caesar's Tower with its walls 16 feet thick and built in 1100; we stand in the little room with its four small windows which Sir Walter Scott makes Amy Robsart's prison; we look at the great banqueting hall 90 by 45 feet where Queen Elizabeth dined with Dudley,Earl of Leicester, in the greatest splendor. Probably an old Roman tower, then Saxon, it had passed through its centuries of history to its present condition, an ivy-clad, grass-grown beautiful, picturesque old ruin. Within its walls King John, Henry III, Henry IV, V, VI, VII, VIII had all sheltered themselves. From it, Henry the VII started on that campaign that finished the "Wars of the Roses." Here Edward II signed his abdication before his brutal murder at Berkely Castle. The beautiful Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, gazed through the narrow windows of her prison in its tower. Charles the First visited it on his way to the battle of Edge Hill. Cromwell gave it to an officer through whom it came to its present owner the Earl of Clarevelow. A most fascinating old ruin it is, with its crowds of English royalties and nobles, knights and yeomen haunting it.

Next day we see St. Mary's church with its fine chantry and carved ceiling, its "lodge chapel" and

its old ducking stool which the lad in charge explained: "You puts the loidy (lady) in 'ere, then works this h'end, so. The more the loidy scolds the more you ducks 'er."

We see old Leicester Hospital with its quaint old spandriels and its old sergeant who tells us "From this 'ere balcony as far as h'eye can reach is the Sharpshire 'ills." English lady of party, tall and thin—"Ohhh! Neow just fancy, Charlie!"—to her small husband—"These 'ere are the coats of h'armces and 'ere the haitch (H) and h'ell (L) of the h'Earl of Leicester who founded the 'ospital in 1300." The old garden, the little low, carved oak house all were quaintness, itself. A touching service in the chapel with the old soldiers ended our visit here.

Next day sees us in Stratford on Avon. As the train comes into the station an excited Iowan says to his son "Now, my son, we'll make a call on Shakespeare." He hurries "son" into a cab and off they go, at a gallop, for their call which, we fear, will prove all too short. We go to "The Red Lion Inn," made famous by Washington Irving's stay in it while he wrote his "Sketch Book," and arrive at it only to find that our admiration of a lifetime—Mary Anderson de Navarro—had left but half an hour before. She had brought her priest to prove to him that such a man as Shakespeare had really lived; and he had been convinced. We drive over to Anne Hathaway's Cottage and find it the little low thatched, small-paned windowed place its pictures make it. It stood at the end of its little garden with its flowers of every kind that Shakespeare ever mentioned, shut in by its green box hedge, sunning itself placidly in the bright English sunshine. A dark eyed, red-cheeked young girl—a descendant of Anne Hathaway—with soft voice and pleasant manner showed us the old room with its ceiling of Shakespeare's time, its old settle, by the fireplace, in which he may have sat when he called—its old blue china belonging to Anne, its little upper sloping roofed bedroom, with its linen spun by Anne. As we go back between lovely hedges of green we meet "Marie Correlli," driving a span of fat little ponies. She is "short, fat, forty" with much fluffy, flaxen hair and bows graciously to our very deferential greeting. Shakespeare's birthplace comes next. Two little flaxen-haired lads, six or seven apparently, burst

into a biography of Shakespeare with words in it as long as themselves and repeat it for each penny given them. Two others trot after us declaiming "The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven," etc. They get more pennies and much laughter from the amused American tourists of whom 30,000 annually visit the place. The little rooms look exactly like the pictures we have seen. Under the window of the little back room grows rue and rosemary, fit emblems of the great poet's life—and in the garden back of it—all the flowers of Shakespeare. New Place where 30 years of this great life were past; the grammar school in which the boy-poet was educated; the theater built as his memorial from which a lovely view of the winding Avon and the Shakespeare church shows, all leave us in a state of bliss. We chat with an old couple—sixty and sixty-five—who have come all the way from Australia to see the home of their favorite author. Such nice old people as they are! The sky is crimson with the sunset reflected in the placid Avon and we go to our greatly needed rest.

The next morning being Sabbath we go to service in Holy Trinity church where Shakespeare and his family are buried. Holy Trinity is of the time of Edward VI and stands amidst its old trees at the end of a walk between old limes, past the old gravestones. The Avon glides near it and birds call in the trees. It is all very peaceful and old. The interior is of all styles of architecture and the light falls across the chancel upon Shakespeare's bust and tomb through beautiful stained glass. The morning rays come through the window given by Americans.

A clatter of feet! All the children of the Sabbath school troop in, boys on one side, girls on the other; and at a given signal, drop upon their knees in what is supposed to be prayer; but, for some of the boys, at least, is a pinching game. These children must "be good," with a vengeance for they go to Sabbath school from 9 to 11 and to church from 11 to 12:30. The most beautiful woman in the congregation was an American lady in black who stood superbly and sang a beautiful, sweet alto. In the choir was a little fair-haired, blue-eyed lad, whose yellow curls were lighted

by a rose colored ray from the window above him and his up-raised face as he sang like an estatic bird, looked like one of Van Dyke's angels.

"God Save the King" was the first hymn number and it was very evident that the English people present didn't know the words. It took American tourists fresh from crossing in English vessels to carry it to a triumphant conclusion. Then came the old well known lovely service and a great wave of home-sickness surged over us. We knew for five homesick moments the meaning of the Hebrew lament: "How can we sing the songs of the Lord in a strange land?" In the afternoon we go for a long drive with the Persons of Pittsburg, through the beautiful country about Stratford, walk across Charlcote Park, where Shakespeare got into trouble about the deer, down its mile-long avenue of old lime trees, over a stile to our carriage again. Under the evening sky, we walk across the fields to Anne Hathaway's Cottage and as we stroll past it in the gloaming it seems the form of Shakespeare walks the fragrant old garden paths with beautiful Anne. Morning gives us a view of the old John Harvard House where the idea of our American flag originated and afternoon sees us in Old Chester, Quaint, beautiful Old Chester with its ancient walls, its lovely cathedral, its "rows," its "God's Providence House," its Derby House, old as the Roman occupation, with the lovely Dee running through it, one could spend delightful months studying it. Space forbids us saying more. Then August 13 sees us aboard the Commonwealth for our homeward trip and the opalescent, soft blue-hazed shores of England fade from our view. Friday finds us in an awful wind wihch puts everybody flat on his back and evokes the following poetic sentiments from Mrs. Francelia Boynton of Chicago, Illinois:

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down—but not to sleep.
I long to turn me inside out—
I sigh to be a water spout.
O, fie! Who says 'tis peaceful sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep?

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
Just try my crib and if it fits,
'Tis thine! I'll take my bed and walk,
This cracked up "cradle" is all talk.
My poem's writ. Fetch pan and pail,
This horrid "cradle's" in a gale.

We found our fellow passengers most interesting; ministers, doctors, lawyers, stenographers, Mormon missionaries, English dancers for Hanlon's "Superba," people who had traveled much and little. The sea was rough most of the time but sometimes its shimmering light stretched to the sharp edge of "the saucer's rim" and it was like a great opal. Beautiful beyond thought is the eternal sea in its bright moods. Day followed day until a stir of excitement told that land was near and at 9 o'clock of August 20 the stars and stripes floated in the still-lighted sky. Cheer after cheer met its glories and we knew the rapture of Wagner's splendid chorus, "Again, Dear Home, We With Rapture Behold Thee."

After all, though our friends and our friends' friends had given us the "glory and beauty of the world" to see, nothing is so heart-satisfying as one's own land, the home of the greatest nation upon which the sun has yet shone. We breath Tiny Tim's prayer upon it, "God bless us, every one."

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